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## America's Programme for Industrial Recovery

American and English listeners were last week given the opportunity of hearing the opinion of an eminent economist on either side of the Atlantic on the probable effect of recent measures taken by the U.S.A. to overcome their present industrial difficulties. The American view was given by the President of Brookings Institute, Washington, on July 11, and the following evening Sir Josiah Stamp replied from England. Both talks were broadcast in the National Programme, and also radiated throughout the United States

### I—The American View

By Professor HAROLD G. MOULTON

I AM to discuss an economic problem in which the people of Europe and the United States have a great mutual interest. I shall speak of the bearing of the American programme for industrial recovery upon economic conditions in Europe. The major question with which we shall be concerned is whether American domestic policies are to be regarded as essentially in conflict with international economic reconstruction; whether American efforts to break the depression and to raise the level of prices necessarily imply a reduction in international trade and a consequent increase of European economic difficulties. For the information of my European listeners I should perhaps state that I have no official position with the American Government, and I speak solely in the capacity of a professional economist who has been privileged to devote himself to the scientific study of economic problems.

Recently the Congress of the United States, under the leadership of the President, passed a series of legislative measures which together were designed to restore the economic prosperity of this country. Among these measures were the Economy Act intended to balance the

Federal Budget; the Agricultural Relief Act for the purpose of raising agricultural prices; the Farm Credit Act and the Home Owners Loans Act, designed respectively to ease the debt burden on farmers and small home owners; the Act to correct the gold clause in contracts, which placed the United States definitely upon a paper money basis; and the National Industrial Recovery Act, which was designed to provide employment and to stimulate business recovery. For purposes of the present discussion, the most important of these various measures are the abandonment of the gold standard, and the Agricultural Relief and the Industrial Recovery Acts.

The departure from the gold standard is significant, because it constitutes one device for stimulating a rise in American prices. The fall in the value of the dollar as compared with the pound, for example, means, of course, that the pound will thenceforth exchange for more dollars, and buy more American goods than before. In consequence the demand for American goods is stimulated, and this naturally causes the prices of exported commodities to rise. The prices of American imports are also affected, though for a different reason. British ex-



porters to the United States, knowing that they will be paid in depreciated dollars, naturally demand more dollars than before; that is to say, prices are marked up.

The prices of goods produced and sold within the United States are, however, not directly affected by any change in the relative value of the dollar and the currency of other countries. Indeed, if conditions in the domestic market remain seriously depressed, the effects of the exchange depreciation upon the general price level would be relatively unimportant. It may be recalled in this connection that England was forced off the gold standard in September, 1931; that prices rose about six per cent. in the course of the first few months thereafter; and that, in the following year, the whole advance was lost—though the decline in British prices was not as great as that of other countries.

All that exchange depreciation can do, then, is to affect a portion of the price structure. A general rise in domestic prices must depend upon other factors, and this is where the Agricultural Relief and the Industrial Recovery Acts become important, for they are designed to bring about a general rise in domestic prices. In the case of the Farm Relief Act the price advance has to be procured by means of a restriction in production of basic agricultural lines, and by a tax levied upon food manufactures, which it is believed would be passed along, in turn, in the form of higher prices to consumers.

The Industrial Recovery Act is intended to bring about an advance in prices, not by means of restriction of output, but by the elimination of the trade practices involving cut-throat competition in wages and prices, and by an increase of employment and an expansion of purchasing power. The re-employment is to be accomplished in part by a great programme of public works, for which an appropriation of 3,300,000,000 dollars — roughly £800,000,000—has been authorised, and in part by promoting and encouraging trade associations in all the important industries of the country to establish codes of fair competition and to work out co-ordinated productive programmes. By preventing these destructive competitive programmes it is believed that bottom prices can be established, and that this will generate business confidence and encourage industrial expansion. Reliance is placed upon changing business psychology from that of destructive competition to one of co-operation in promoting expansion. There is, however, no thought that we can lift ourselves by our boot straps. We depend upon the re-employment of labour, both in the public works programme and private enterprise, to provide real purchasing power capable of absorbing and expanding industrial output. It is the expectation, moreover, that wages will be raised materially, and if price rises can be restrained this would further increase the ability of consumers to purchase the increased output of goods produced. That the expectation that genuine business recovery must thus be stimulated is not in vain, is already apparent in a wage recovery. There is abundant evidence of expanding output, and that should promote recovery by broadening steadily.

Now a great many people believe that the emphasis which has thus been placed upon this domestic programme necessarily means that the United States is no longer interested in foreign trade, or in economic conditions in the rest of the world. It is apparently assumed that we must concentrate either on international economic reconstruction or domestic, that is to say American, reconstruction: that we cannot pursue both objectives simultaneously; and that they are essentially incompatible in nature. Let us then reflect for a few moments on the issues involved. Those who regard the American domestic programme as inevitably leading to the abandonment of international economic co-operation reason somewhat as follows. The administration of the Industrial Recovery Act, it is contended, will result in a sharp increase in wages and other costs of production, and thus force the

selling prices of manufactured goods rapidly upwards. As soon as American prices rise and become out of line with those of other countries, it is assumed that it will be necessary to prevent the competition of European goods by immediately imposing higher tariff barriers against foreign goods. With European exports to the United States thus greatly curtailed, it would seem to follow that we should have to buy up the bulk of our export trade, and concentrate on selling in the American domestic market.

If such a policy were carried out rigorously it would have obvious shortcomings from the American point of view. The curtailment of American exports would, in many lines, result in a severe drop in prices—particularly in such agricultural commodities as cotton, tobacco and wheat. It would thus work definitely at cross purposes with the objective of the Agricultural Relief Act, which is to raise agricultural prices. Moreover, the resulting prostration of important producing areas would inevitably decrease the demand of the people living in those areas for the products of American manufacturing industries. In other words, one extremely important division of the American domestic market would have a shrunk demand, and this would react unfavourably upon the entire recovery programme.

Now the alternative policy to the one just outlined—this policy of economic independence—would involve keeping the upward movement of American prices in reasonably close adjustment with the advance in prices of other countries. There is every reason to expect that a recovery of prosperity, accompanied by increasing prices in the United States, would stimulate an advance in prices in other countries from which we are heavy purchasers of raw material. In fact, American imports in many lines have increased materially in recent weeks, especially in the field of raw materials. Just as the depression of the past four years spread gradually from country to country, involving the whole world in a process of progressive deflation, so, once a strong recovery movement is under way in any important part of the world, its influence will quickly spread to other countries. If the rise in American prices is gradual in character, and if no effort is made to restrict imports from other countries, our economic recovery may be articulated with those in other countries as part of a world recovery movement. Reviving prosperity in Europe, and consequently increasing demands for American exports, would obviously be helpful to the United States in our efforts to raise the prices of food stuffs and raw materials. If our international trade can be expanded at the same time that domestic trade is increased, we should have a double force working towards thorough-going recovery and economic prosperity.

American domestic policy properly conceived is thus, in no sense, antagonistic to a sound international economic policy. I may add that there is as yet no evidence that the American policy is likely to be one of raising prices sharply. On the contrary, the administrator of the Industrial Recovery Act has definitely taken the stand that the price rise must be gradual in character, to the end that the purchasing power of the people may expand sufficiently to absorb the increased industrial output.

It is my hope, therefore, that the process of American recovery will contribute greatly towards the recovery of every country. It is hoped also that strong efforts may be made in all countries which, while benefitting first of all their own people, will contribute to the prosperity of the world as a whole. There is a great opportunity just at this juncture, when progress towards industrial recovery has been made in a number of imports, to give a great impetus to that restoration of world prosperity upon which the happiness and welfare of mankind depends.

It does not require internationalism to accomplish this purpose: it can be achieved in large measure by national policies directed towards stimulating domestic expansion, the inter-connected and cumulative effects of which create the conditions of world prosperity.



## II—The English View

By SIR JOSIAH STAMP

WE are all greatly indebted to Professor Moulton for his description of United States policy. His analysis of what the economic consequences of that policy should be in the States was very definite, and the international reactions were also analysed in a way that few economists, if any, could excel. I have no dispute with him whatever on the questions he dealt with *so far as he took them*, and am mainly concerned to consider whether he covered all the possibilities to which the situation may give rise, and especially the consequences of a wrong or an exaggerated psychology both at home and abroad. He rather assumed that what the Government intended to do, they actually would be able to do in practice, and also that his people, and people abroad, would all actually believe that it would be successfully done. But he did not discuss what risk there was of practice actually differing from intention, or people being afraid that it might, nor what might result from erratic speculating about it. When I left America several weeks ago, I had met no one South of Washington who had any qualms on any of the policies; but in Chicago, although they were confident of all else, they had grave doubts about the feasibility of industrial control; while in New York there were all kinds of misgivings and fears as to many parts of the programme. How much more, then, may people abroad differ in their feelings! People's feelings about economic matters often go so far to make them possible or impossible, successful or unsuccessful, so that those feelings become economic realities, particularly in the field of credit. If people think an institution unsafe, they have gone a long way to make it unsafe, and the same with a currency.

Now if prices measured in dollars in America rise, as desired, each dollar is to have less purchasing power, and if prices of the same goods measured in pounds in England do not rise, the number of dollars required to buy the same quantity as a pound will buy rises, and that expresses the true dollar-sterling exchange. The same may be said about the dollar in relation to gold currencies. So the dollar ought to fall on the exchange just as much as prices and other costs in dollars in America rise. But suppose the dollar falls much more than that, because people on either side do not know what its purchasing power is likely to be, and begin to get rid of dollars, and then others, seeing this depreciation, also run away from the dollar? It is this possible disparity, or the possible inability of the administration to stop the rise of prices or the fall of the exchange at the exact point they wish, or to make them keep step together, which introduces the factor that modifies Professor Moulton's picture.

A substantial rise of prices in the United States, however advantageous to business in a direct sense, must, as Professor Moulton agrees, have certain reactions in international trade and international relations, which have to be watched carefully, because in turn they may react upon the United States and be part of the price that you will have to pay for the improvement in business. We must distinguish carefully the case where increase in prices and costs proceeds at about the same rate as the depreciation in the exchange, and also the quite different case where the depreciation in the exchange is much greater than the increase in internal costs. I will take the second case first. It is a well-known fact that where the exchange is severely depreciated to an extent greater than the rise in prices and costs, exporters gain an advantage in getting into foreign markets. The reason is that for the same competitive price in the currency of the foreign market they receive more of their own currency, and they have to pay out in wages and costs either the old amounts or something not so much more as their increased receipts. If the British price is £10, and they have been selling at this price and getting 35 dollars, they may now sell at the same price and get 48 dollars. They thus make more profits in their own currency than they used to do and can afford to cut prices in the foreign markets and get more business. They could sell, say, at £9 10s. and make, say, 45½ dollars. So they still have a larger amount of their own currency per unit of sale in trade and also have a considerable increase in the units by selling more in competition. This result is so well known as a consequence of depreciated

currency that I need not enlarge upon it further. In a converse way it becomes more difficult for foreigners to sell in the United States. In so far, therefore, as the United States may be getting the effect of depreciation of the exchange in foreign trade, not consciously or in any way intentionally, but automatically and unavoidably, they will make the international problem more difficult.

Let us take the case of a gold country—say Ruritania. If the Ruritania find that their imports are increasing and exports decreasing, they know that their balance of trade will be going against them, and that they will owe more money on balance to America, which may have to be discharged ultimately in gold. They will have either an actual drain on the gold reserves, or investors will imagine that such a drain will some day ensue. Now whether it is actually happening or whether people outside Ruritania imagine that it may happen, the effects are the same, namely, doubt about the guilder (or whatever their standard of currency may be) and, in order to protect her position, Ruritania would be inclined to put up her Bank Rate. This would have the effect of restricting her business, conserving gold resources and increasing Ruritania's self-sufficiency. In order to safeguard herself from any actual drain of gold by frightened folk, Ruritania, or any similarly situated gold country affected by the depreciated dollar, might also increase her tariffs and exchange restrictions and thus further defer the settlement and enlargement of world trade. This might certainly affect existing imports from America, and thus important export activities from America might find themselves much more restricted than the other domestic trades. This brings about that curtailment of American exports of which Professor Moulton speaks when he refers to the unwise way of developing the American policy in price inflation. Any precipitate measures which fortuitously increase pressure of American competition abroad must have the effect of making a further degree of insecurity in foreign countries, and so American policy at that point would involve working at cross-purposes with international expansion, and would be also increasing European difficulties.

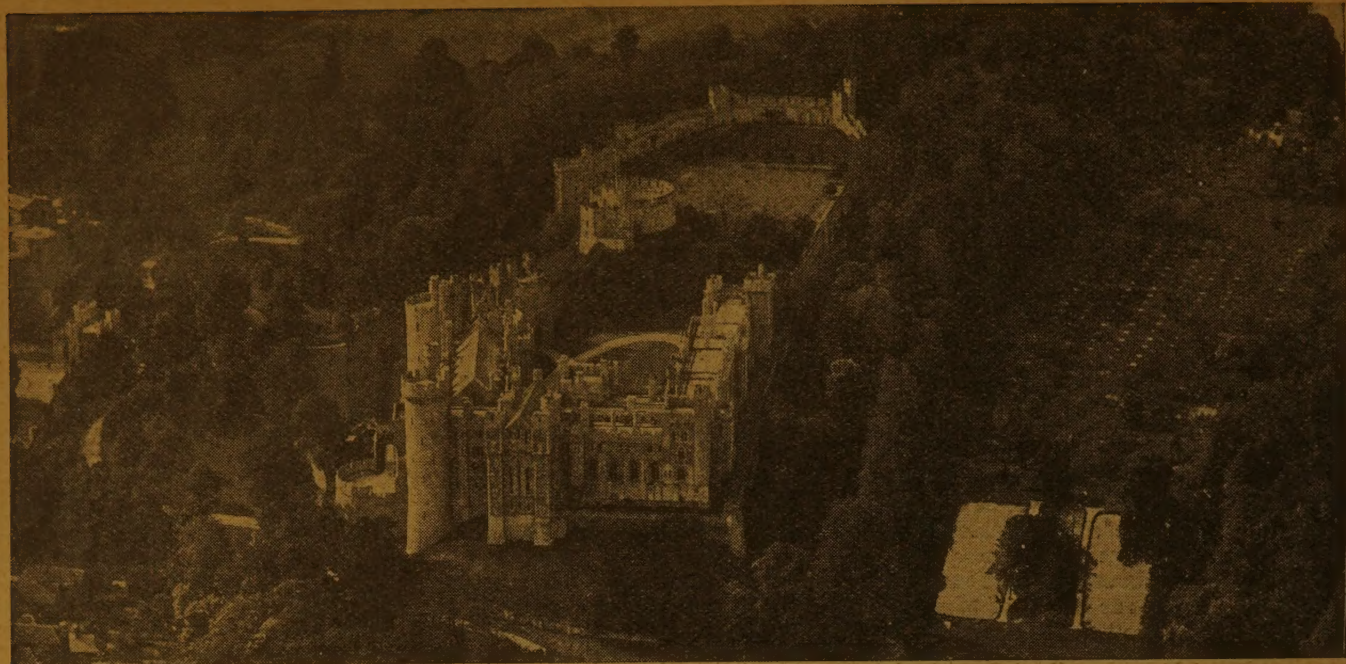
Now let us take the case contemplated by Professor Moulton where the increase of prices does not fall short of exchange depreciation, *i.e.*, there is no lowering of the dollar due to speculation or fear. In this case, provided all the American exporter's costs have risen proportionately, he has no particular advantage, for although he gets more dollars than he used to, he has more to pay out, and the power of a depreciated dollar abroad to influence the international situation is much reduced. Again, if the increase in price is in exact ratio with the depreciation in the dollar, the foreign exporter, tempted by the high dollar price, would, after turning those dollars into his own currency, find himself no better off than today. Why, then, should he, as some fear, flood the American market? The trouble is that when a currency depreciates it hardly ever happens that internal costs rise proportionately. Indeed, if they did, you could hardly get the benefit in internal trade which is being sought.

Professor Moulton speaks of wages advancing with prices. A word of warning is necessary here. When prices fall faster than wages and costs, profits vanish and unemployment follows. Profits are the mainspring. On the rebound it is a necessity of expansion that prices should at first advance more rapidly than wages and costs, in order to re-create profits and enlarge employment. If wages can be raised rapidly by reducing other costs, well and good. Ultimately, when increased output upholds the volume of profits, the margin between the prices and wages can be closed up, but not before. Let there be no mistake: all sops to the contrary to satisfy popular ideas will be a delusion and a snare and may well wreck the whole scheme. It is a mistake to suppose that the wage earner's demand is the only consumer demand, and it may only be a transfer of purchasing power from the other factors of production.

We see, then, how important it will prove whether the action of America in raising prices leads to a speculative value

(Continued on page 108)





Arundel Castle

Aerofilms

## *An Aerial Survey of Gardens*

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

**T**AKING an aerial view of gardens in these islands in the widest as well as in the literal sense, it is of profound interest to note the difference in outlook of those who made gardens in past days and those who make them today. Both the illustrations and literature of mediæval gardens testify to the fact that those who made them were, consciously or unconsciously, dominated by the sense of fear. Our very word 'garden' is derived from an Aryan root signifying enclosure—*i.e.*, protection.

The vast majority of people today are town-dwellers, and endeavour to make their gardens suggestive of the country; but in mediæval days the town symbolised protection and security, everything in fact that made life comfortable and pleasant, and a mediæval garden was in no small measure a town in miniature, protected in every way from marauding neighbours. Wealthy folk in those days protected their gardens with walls and turrets; the walks between close-clipped high hedges, the fountains, the narrow alleys, all were suggestive of a town rather than of the country. The very flowers were carefully protected by lattice work, dwarf hedges or rails round the beds: they were closely guarded treasures. Yet cottage gardens have suffered but small change through the centuries, for the humble cottager in mediæval times, having nothing to lose, had little to fear, and though we have scarcely any knowledge of cottage gardens in those far-off times, it is more than likely that they had more in common with the cottage gardens of today than with the elaborate, carefully protected enclosures made by their overlords.

Yet centuries ago there were probably gardens in England which reflected the peace and order of Roman rule. No evidence has come down to us, but it is more than likely that the Roman colonists surrounded their luxurious central-heated villas with gardens which, if not as splendid as those in Rome, were very similar to those depicted in the Pompeian frescoes—formal enclosures with rectangular and round flower beds (surrounded with box) and adorned with colonnades and pavilions and topiary work. Vegetables and fruits were probably grown in abundance, for Tacitus, writing in the first century, states that all vegetables and fruits save the olive and the vine could be grown in Britain. The Emperor Probus is generally credited with the introduction of the vine into this country. And what of the gardens of still older times? For it has long since been proved that the ancient Britons were a highly cultured people. Youths from Gaul were sent to study at British universities and the Druidic triads are the oldest literature in the oldest living language in the world; splendid specimens of British art are to be seen in the British Museum

(British craftsmen were taken to Rome to teach the art of enamelling), and there is every reason to believe that the citizens of London, Winton and Caerleon-on-Usk were citizens of no mean cities. Is it even likely that so highly cultured a people had no gardens?

In the Dark Ages, however, whatever may have remained of British as well as Roman gardens was swept away, and it is to the monasteries that we owe the survival of the old traditions of gardening. In an aerial survey there is scant time to linger, but the charm and the beauty of mediæval gardens fascinate all who study them. In these days we are re-introducing some of their features—sunk gardens, enclosures within enclosures, galleries or covered ways (pergolas) herb gardens, and the planting of fruit trees in pleasure gardens, to mention but a very few. Menageries were a feature of lordly gardens of mediæval times, and unlike the old Zoo in Regent's Park, the modern Whipsnade certainly bears a strong resemblance to the menagerie established by the first Plantagenet at Woodstock in a park fourteen miles in circumference, where he kept 'lyons, leopards, strange spotted beasts, porcupines, camells and such-like animals', sent to him 'from divers outlandish Lands'.

Tudor rule ushered in prosperity and security, and gradually the mediæval garden evolved into the stately Elizabethan pleasure. According to Bacon it required greater knowledge to plan a beautiful garden than to build a beautiful house: 'And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance men come to build statelily sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection'.

What were the characteristic features of Tudor gardens? However large, they were usually square (for this we have the authority of both Bacon and Parkinson). Large gardens usually boasted of a terrace overlooking a considerable portion of the enclosure; forthrights or straight walks, turfed or sanded, led from the terrace, these walks being intersected by others parallel with the terrace. Other features were rectangular flower beds enclosed with rails or slightly raised from the ground and supported with boards; knot gardens, sometimes of considerable size and laid out in intricate designs; ornate fountains, mounts, garden-houses, topiary work, sundials, fishponds, ornamental pools, orchards, herb gardens. Of all this we catch glimpses in a swift aerial view.

The latter years of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century were notable for the many plants introduced both from the New World and the East—the crown imperial, the ranunculus from Persia, tulips, martagon lilies, *lychnis chalcedonica*, and sweet Sultans from Turkey, annual and perennial



## *British Gardens from the Air*



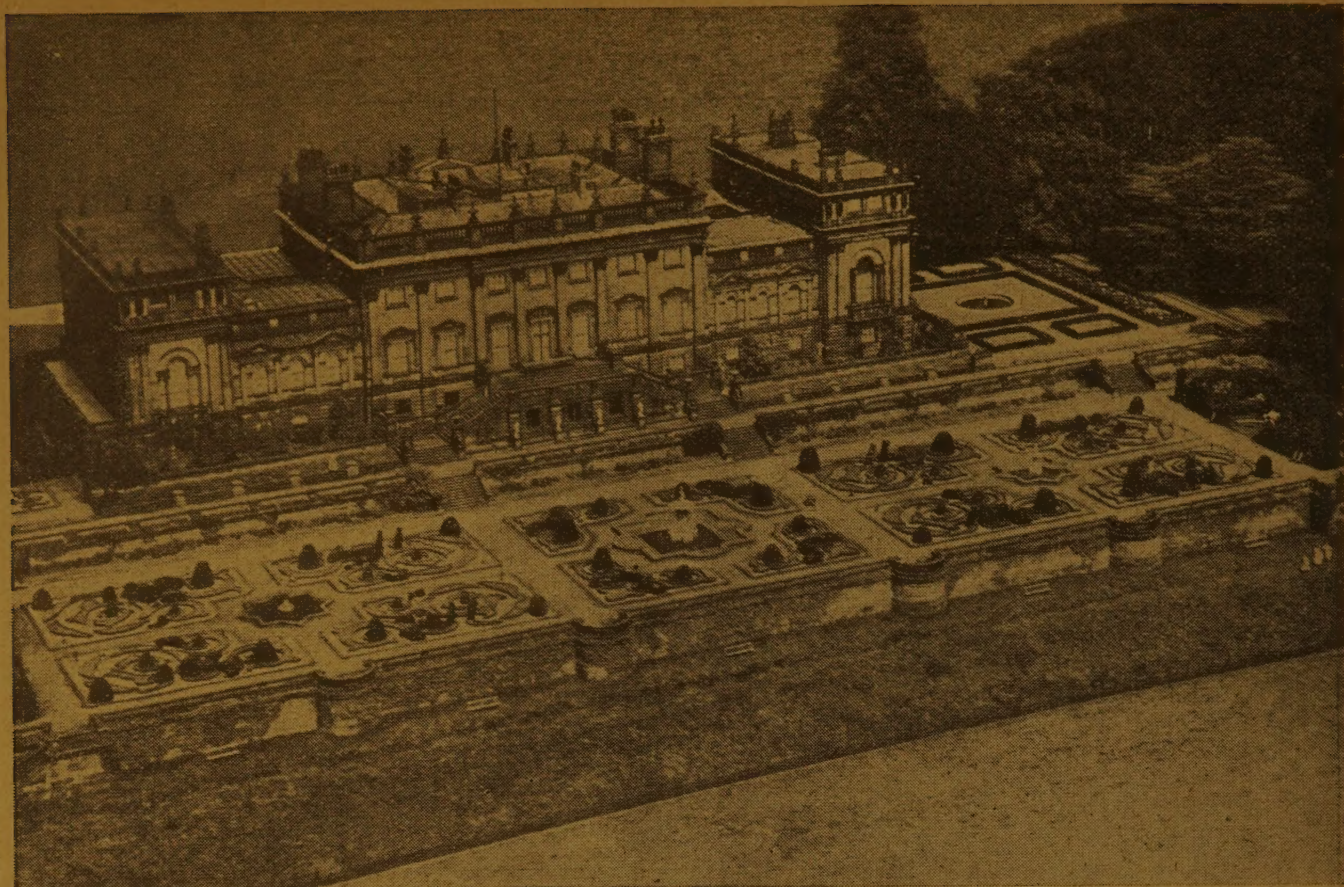
Buckingham Palace



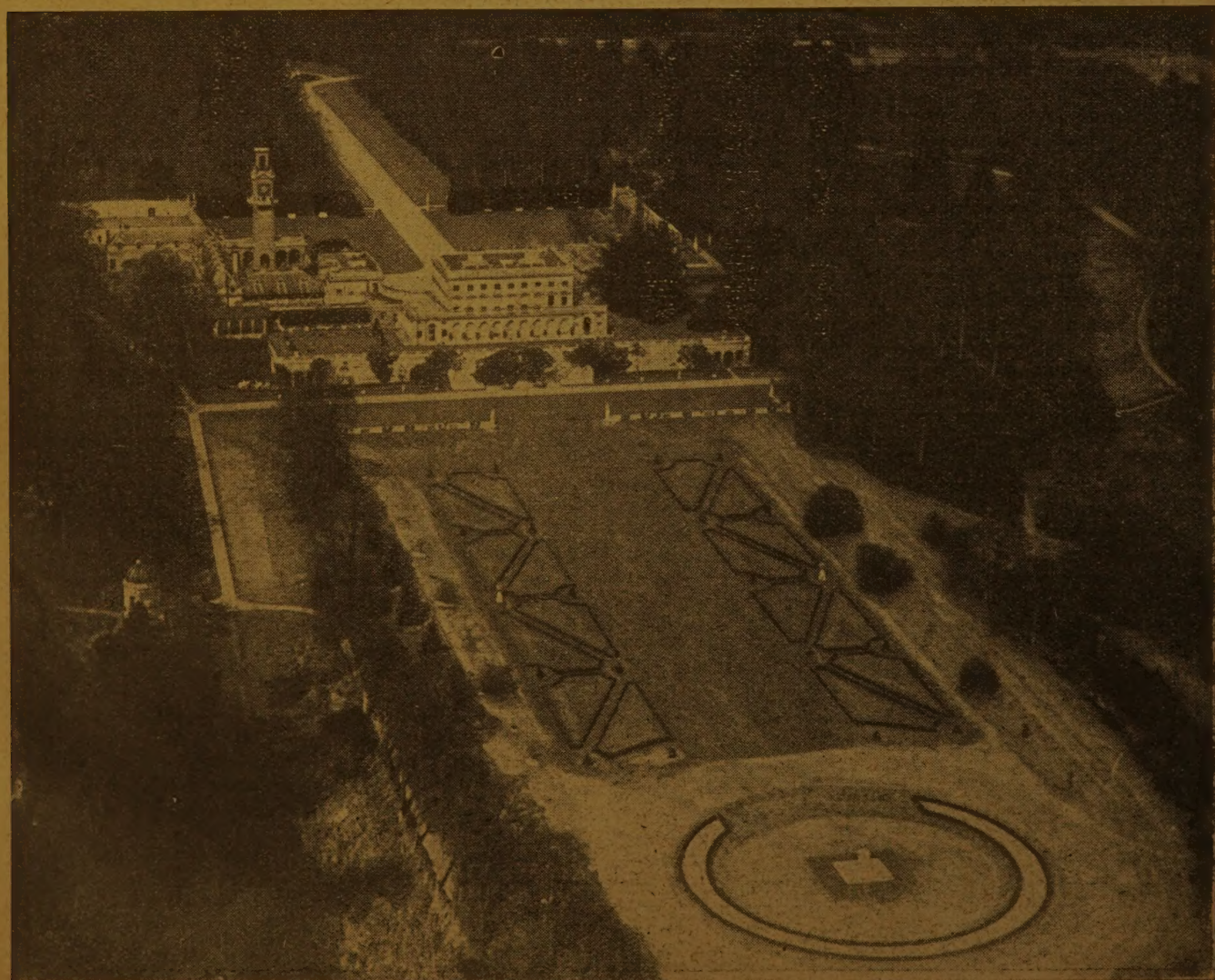
Sandringham

*Photographs on pages 81 to 84 inclusive by Aerofilms*





Harewood House

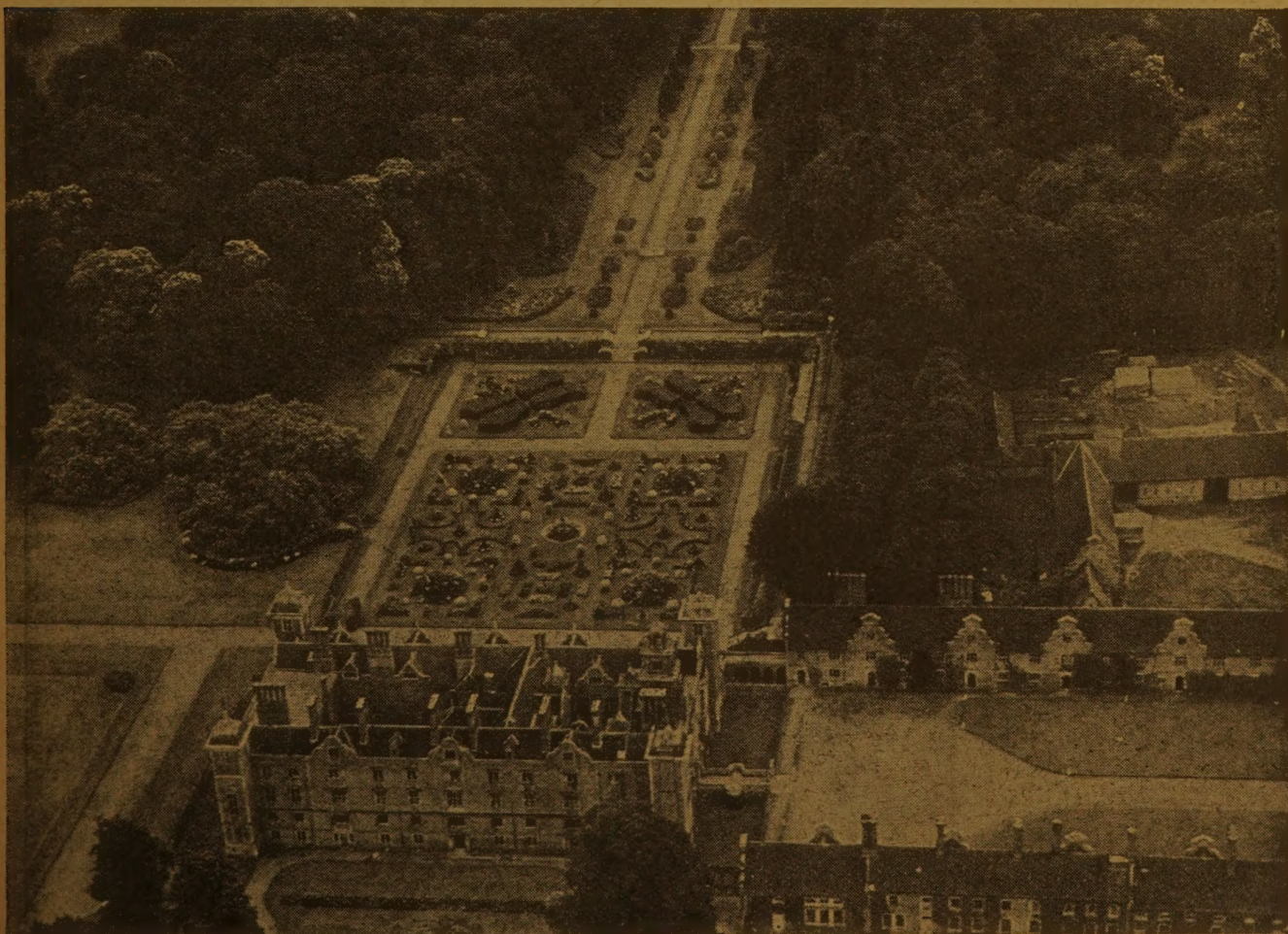


Cliveden, Bucks



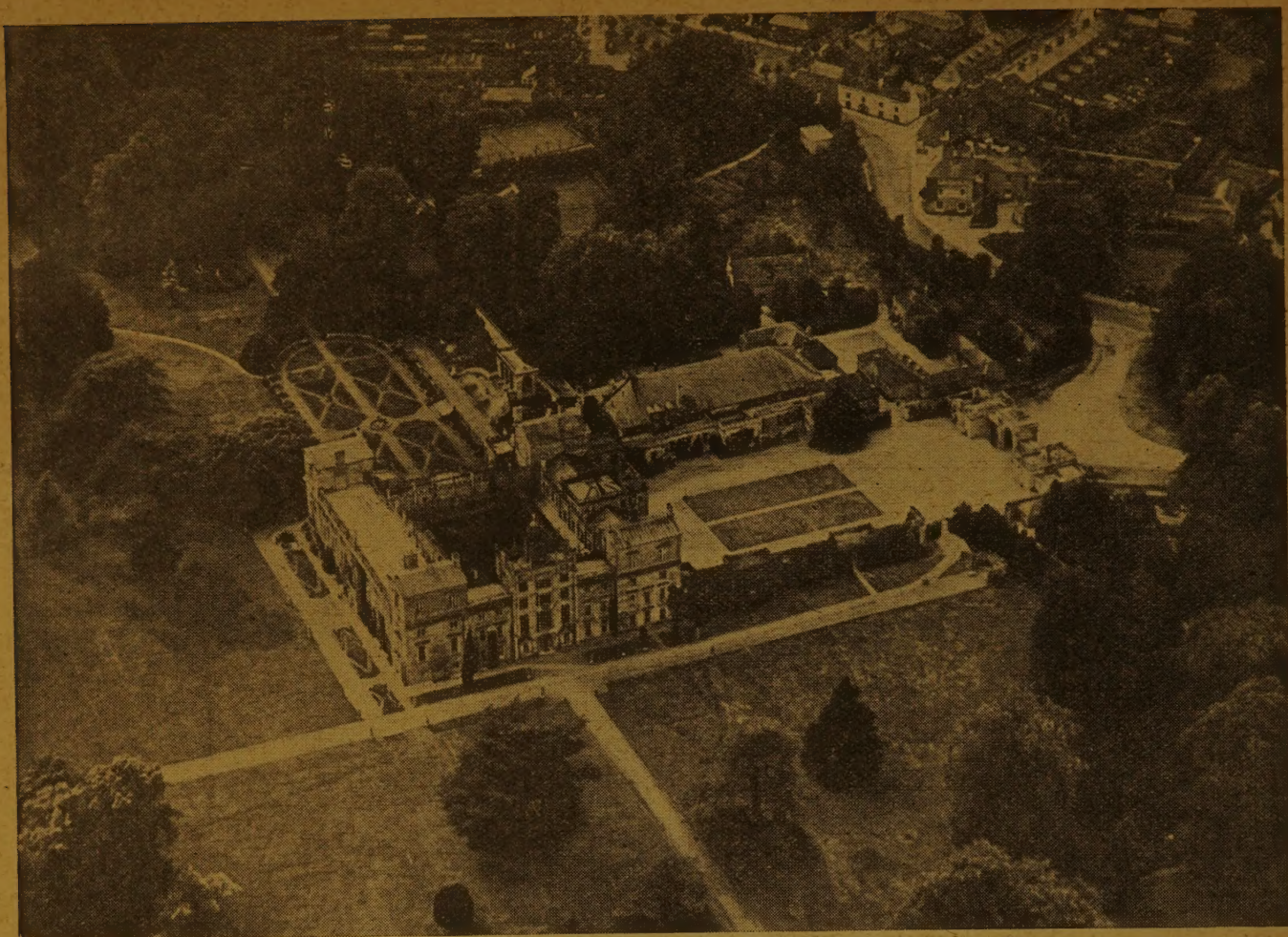


Blenheim Palace

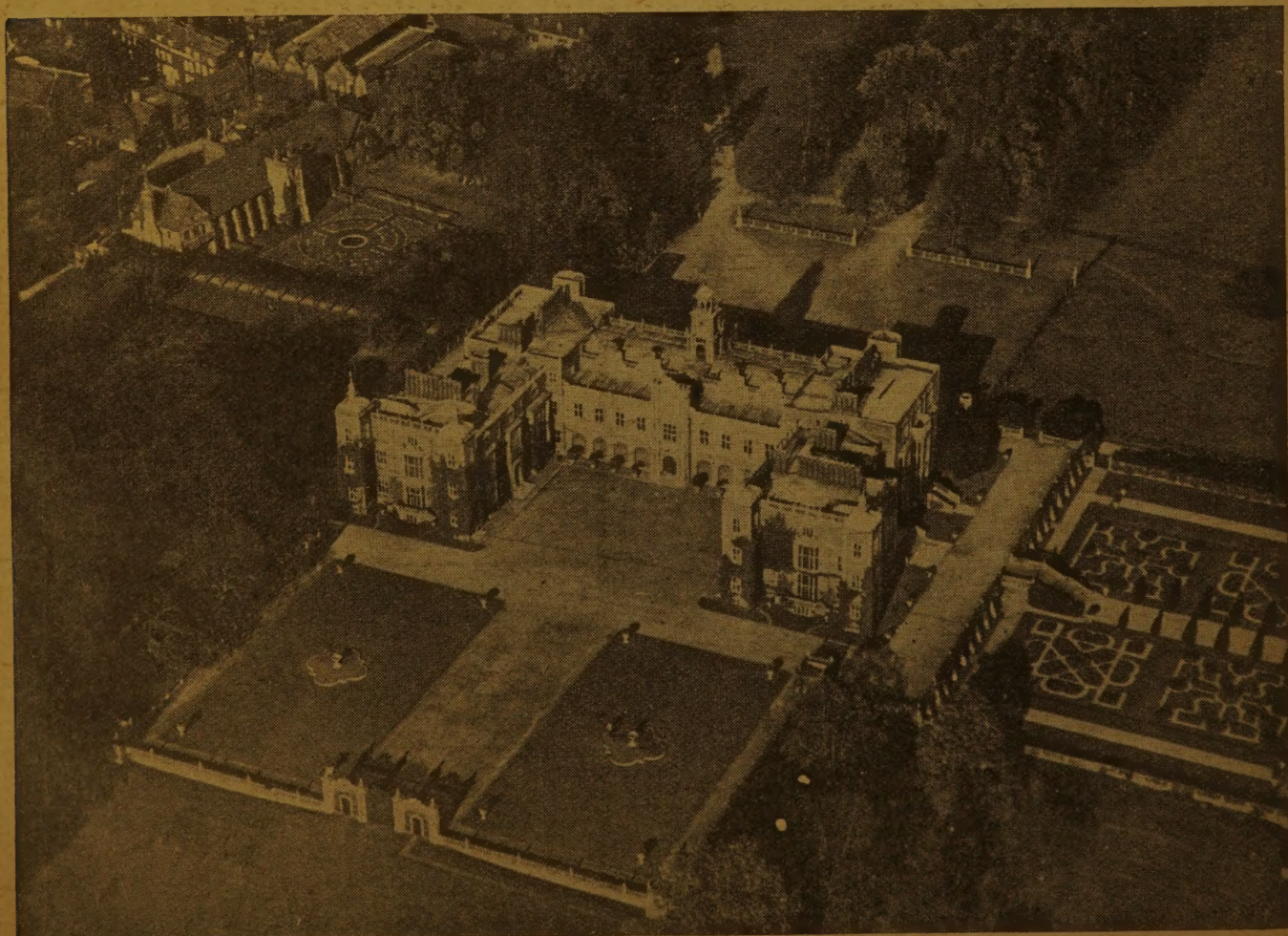


Blickling Hall





Wilton House



Hatfield House



sunflowers from Peru, the Michaelmas daisy from Virginia, Aaron's rod, also from North America, potatoes and tobacco (perhaps the most famous of all introductions from the New World), *yucca gloriosa*, the American walnut and the deciduous cypress, to mention but a few. This period is noted also for the decline in vineyards (ascribed by Parkinson to the change in our climate and the dissolution of the monasteries).

In the second half of the seventeenth century we note the predominance of French influence. In this Charles II set the fashion, for St. James' Park was entirely transformed by making the canal and planting avenues of trees, the work being done by French gardeners. Whether Le Nôtre, the great French garden architect, ever visited England still remains to be proved, but the influence of his school may still be seen in many of the most famous gardens in this country, Hampton Court, for instance. Vast lawns, orangeries, substantial summer-houses, bowling-grounds, and elaborate topiary work were conspicuous features of gardens during this period. In the early Georgian period one notes particularly the stately avenues between hedges clipped to a height of twelve or fifteen feet and then allowed to grow naturally, and yew hedges clipped to resemble panelling, and the popularity of lead statues and vases.

The landscape school effected a revolution in garden design during the eighteenth century. According to Horace Walpole, one of the earliest gardens to be laid out in the new style was his father's at Houghton, Bridge-man, Kent, 'Capability Brown' and Repton were those chiefly concerned in destroying large numbers of beautiful gardens of the old formal type and substituting imitation landscapes in their place. Largely owing to Father Attiret's description of the marvellous imperial gardens, containing 200 palaces, near Peking, and Sir William Chambers' *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*, so-called 'Chinese gardens' became a cult. In China, however, landscape gardening was a fine art, dominated by centuries of tradition and practised by experts. Western imitations were merely fantastic. Sir Walter Scott shrewdly observed that so far from simplicity being the guide of the new school, 'it is not simplicity but affectation labouring to be simple'. At no period were our gardens less characteristically English, yet this type was named 'le jardin anglais' in France and was copied in every country on the continent, not excluding Russia.

An immense number of half hardy plants now commonly known as bedding-out plants were introduced during the first half of the nineteenth century, and the flowerless landscape gardens were transformed by cutting up the great lawns into geometric shaped beds filled with lobelias, geraniums, calceolarias, etc., to make a display of colour during the summer months. The new landscape school, led by that grand veteran, Mr. William Robinson, transformed these gardens into the lovely gardens of today. Unlike the early landscape school, who turned gardens into flowerless parks, the new school turned parks into vast gardens, and taught a nation, keenly eager to learn, the value of the fine old herbaceous plants grown in these islands for centuries, and the interest of a garden filled with beauty throughout the year, instead of a few months.

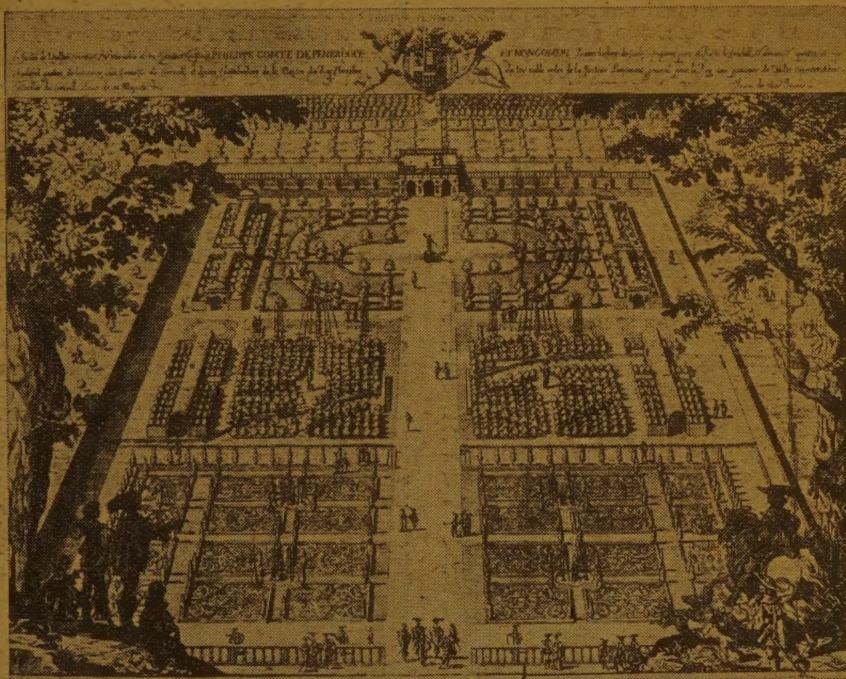
No traces remain of the pleasaunces of mediæval days, but at places such as Arundel Castle and Berkeley Castle it is easy to visualise the enclosures made within the defences of the castle, diminutive gardens, usually under the care of the châtelaine.

Many gardens in these islands are associated with Tudor days, but few so intimately with memories of the great personages of those days as the gardens of Hatfield House. And as befits a garden so rich in Tudor traditions it is above all a garden of roses. Roses riot luxuriantly along the terraces, falling over in cascades of beauty. Moreover, there are so many of the richly fragrant old-fashioned roses. The lovely but contrary *Château de Clos Vougeot* fills the air with the sweetness

of its deep crimson velvety petals. How seldom one sees this rose now, yet what other rose turns such a glorious crimson, especially after a little rain has fallen on its fading petals? The petals then are like the richest and deepest velvet. There are lovely views from the house of the gardens, particularly the west garden and the east garden, the latter a sea of blue with great beds of nepeta, and beyond is the maze which takes three men six weeks work to cut. Beyond again is the lake, four acres in extent.

The west garden is kept as an 'Old English' garden. In the centre a fountain plays into a large circular basin and the immense beds that surround it are filled with old-fashioned flowers—anchusa, snapdragon, lupins, irises, verbenas, larkspurs, verbascums, delphiniums, cherry pie, etc.—and the air is filled with the fragrance of sweet briar. Around the enclosure is a low clipped yew hedge, and at the four corners the mulberry trees, planted by James I, at the further end a chestnut tree, 200 years old, and to the south the grand old copper beeches, and beyond again are the cedars, five centuries old. On the north side is the lime avenue, at the end of which is the sculptured representation of Queen Elizabeth, with her courtiers engaged in conversation with Lord Burleigh.

Beyond and on a lower level is the dahlia garden, with its matchless background of the banqueting hall of the Old Palace. I have never seen elsewhere *lonicera nitida* used clipped to within a foot of the ground level, but it is far more effective than dwarf box and decidedly less troublesome. In the centre of the garden is the pool where James I watered his horses, and the site of the



A seventeenth century plan of the gardens at Wilton House, interesting for comparison with the aerial photograph on the opposite page

old road leading to the Palace is still marked. Several years after his accession James persuaded Lord Burleigh to exchange Theobalds for Hatfield, and it was shortly afterwards that so much of the beautiful old Palace was destroyed to use the materials for Hatfield House. How many great personages have passed through what is now the dahlia garden—Queen Elizabeth many times, for it was in the Old Palace that she was imprisoned and the room she occupied was fortunately not destroyed. But ghosts of far earlier days also seem to haunt this place—John Morton, Henry VII's famous chancellor, who ultimately became Archbishop of Canterbury and who built this Palace, one of the first great houses in England to be built not as a fortress but simply as a dwelling. Mary, daughter of Henry VII and wife of Louis XII of France after Louis' death married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and at Hatfield their daughter was born. Henry VIII bought Hatfield, thereby making it a royal residence, and Edward VI and his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, spent many years here. Edward VI when he was King, gave Hatfield to Elizabeth, and except for her brief imprisonment in the Tower, it was at Hatfield she lived chiefly during Mary's reign. Only the stump now remains of the oak tree under which she was sitting when the Lord Chamberlain, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and many others came with the news of Mary's death and her own accession to the throne. Was she, one wonders, wearing her garden hat of exquisitely plaited straw, now so carefully preserved with her yellow stockings and other mementoes at Hatfield House?

In the centre of the sundial garden there is a charming 'yellow border'. I have seen many 'blue borders' and 'white borders', but never a yellow border and this one is delightful with its lupins, verbascums, and other flowers. Another border in this garden is pink and blue mixed, and at the ends scarlet, and the long border is blue, pink and white and crimson at either end. The rows of old lavender bushes in this garden were five feet in height, but they have now been replaced by young bushes.

Hatfield kitchen gardens are ten acres in extent, about one acre being under glass. The strawberries grown here are famous and there are about three thousand plants. The Royal George peach in one of the houses is the largest in the country and two



old fig trees entirely fill a house 60 feet long. This is one of the few gardens where I have seen that delightful old-fashioned herb, chervil, growing. Its delicate foliage is at its most attractive, I think, when it is turning pink. Hatfield gardens are associated with the great name of John Tradescant the Elder, who ultimately became gardener to Charles I and Henrietta Maria. He was gardener to Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury and Lord Treasurer of England. Tradescant was primarily interested in fruit culture and several times he was sent abroad to buy new varieties for the Hatfield gardens. The original bills for his purchases are still preserved. Parkinson in his *Paradisus* (1629) wrote of Tradescant 'he hath wonderfully laboured to obtain all the rarest fruits he can hear of in any place of Christendom, Turkey, yea or the whole world'.

But to my thinking the most beautiful part of Hatfield gardens is that known as 'The Vineyard', a part that is not thrown open to the public. The peace of centuries haunts this hillside, its silent shades, yew walks (the yews arched high overhead) and the velvet green of the turf by the river, flowing silently at the foot of the steep decline. No sound save the birds' songs breaks the silence, and on June evenings the air is filled with the music of the nightingales. Centuries ago, even before Hatfield House was built, this was a garden, for it was the pleasure of the Old Palace, a mile away. Across the river is the old kitchen garden of the Palace, now used for nursery stock. In old gardens such as this, remote enclosures where silence has reigned for centuries, one treads on sacred ground, conscious that one is near the quiet heart of England, the England that never changes.

The gardens of Wilton House are associated chiefly with the seventeenth century when they must have been amongst the finest in England. But Wilton gardens date back to twelve centuries ago, when Wulstan, Earl of Wiltshire, founded an oratory here, which on the Earl's death in 800, King Egbert established as a Priory for Benedictine nuns, making his sister, Alburga (the Earl's widow) the first Prioress. King Alfred, in memory of his little daughter, Princess Elfeda, made the Priory an Abbey. To Wilton Abbey were sent the daughters of the noblest houses for their education, and by the nuns they would have been taught the uses of herbs for healing the sick. 'Anciently no apothecaries or Surgeons', to quote John Aubrey, the Wiltshire historian, 'the gentlewomen did cure their poore neighbours', and according to this same historian, in this nunnery 'the young mayds were brought up (not as at Hakney, Sarum Schools, etc. to learn pride and wantonnesse), but to learn needlework, the art of confectionery, surgery, physick, etc.' The Abbey became still more splendid after Edward the Confessor's reign, for his widow, Edith, daughter of Earl Godwin, retired to the Abbey, where she had been educated, swept away the wooden buildings and replaced them with stone. All that now remains of these buildings is the little Saxon house with its belfry and finely-carved doorway, standing in a corner of the stable-yard. It is believed that to this little house the tenants of the Abbey used to bring their rents in kind.

There is a curious dreamy atmosphere about the gardens at Wilton. They are rich in memories of Saxon kings and earls, nuns, famous abbesses, knights, and, then coming to Tudor and early Stuart times, Sir Philip Sidney, who wrote his *Arcadia* here, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Izaak Walton and George Herbert, to mention but a few. Queen Elizabeth and James I both stayed here, and Wilton gardens are amongst the few associated with Shakespeare, for there has always been the tradition that he acted here in 'As You Like It' on the occasion of James I's visit in 1603. The tradition is more than likely to be true, for William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke, and Shakespeare were friends. The W. H. to whom Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed is believed by some to be the Earl and the early folios were dedicated to 'the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke and Philip Earl of Montgomery . . . for they prosecuted Plays and Author with so much favour'.

Charles I and Philip, who succeeded his brother as Earl of Pembroke, were close friends, and Charles I spent a part of every summer at Wilton. It was at the King's suggestion that Philip decided to replace the house said to have been designed by Holbein with a stately mansion, which Inigo Jones was invited to design, and to lay out a magnificent garden to be designed by Isaac de Caux. Before either house or garden were completed, however, Charles I was in prison.

The plan of the garden made shows first a large space near the house laid out in elaborate knot gardens and adorned with four fountains, and at the end a terrace overlooking this part. Beyond is a 'wilderness' and the river Nader flowing through woods and groves, and on either side two long tunnelled arbours. Between the second and third gardens are two large artificial pools with fountains, and finally a great lawn planted with cherry trees and in the centre the brass 'Gladiator', 'the most famous statue of all that Antiquity hath left' and at the farthest end a vast stone portico, both sides being adorned with stairways, having instead of balusters 'Sea Monsters casting water from one to the other from the top to the bottom'. John Evelyn,

writing some years later, described Wilton gardens as 'heretofore esteemed the finest in England'.

Wilton gardens today are famed for the restful beauty of the vast lawns, the fine old cedars (the oldest in England) the quiet charm of the silvery rivers and the fine Palladian bridge that spans the Nader. The bridge was designed by the 'Architect Earl', who married Mary Fitzwilliam, one of Queen Caroline's maids of honour. On the east side is a glorious rose garden surrounded by a large border of delphiniums, a lovely sight from the terrace when the roses and delphiniums are in bloom. In this garden are the Amorini that in the seventeenth century adorned the garden laid out by Isaac de Caux in Charles I's reign.

Chatsworth gardens still reflect the influence of Le Nôtre. The first duke who succeeded in 1684 began in 1687 to lay out the grounds on the spacious lines advocated by the great French gardener, the work being done chiefly by London and Wise. In 1694 alone they were paid £500 for making 'the new Parterre'. Much was altered in Joseph Paxton's time, but to this day the stately vista looking eastwards to the hills from the south front is scarcely changed from what it was in the late seventeenth century. Far away in the distance one sees the water temple and broad cascade of water and on either side vast lawns. Other elaborate water-works have long since disappeared, notably the fountain in the form of a willow tree which at the turn of a tap spouted water from every leaf. Joseph Paxton became head gardener at Chatsworth in 1826, and his name is chiefly associated there with the remarkable palm house he designed, a palm house 300 feet long, 123 feet broad and 67 high, and regarded as one of the most remarkable achievements of the age. It was this palm house that suggested to Paxton the plan for the Crystal Palace in 1851, a plan which earned him his knighthood.

It is a curious fact that one of the finest examples in England of landscape gardening as practised in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries should be in the heart of London. For in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where the roar of London traffic is scarcely heard, one is transported back a century. This remarkable garden is never open to the public and few save their Majesties' guests at the famous garden parties have seen it. The aerial photograph gives no idea of the size of the vast lawns. On the great lawn on the west side of the palace over nine thousand guests were strolling about at one of the recent parties. And beyond are still larger stretches of beautiful turf and noble trees. This too is one of the few gardens in England where large parts of the lawns are not grass but camomile, always a vivid green in the hottest summer.

Far different are the gardens at Sandringham. In spite of their size they are homely, and they are notable for their charming views. It is well known that one of His Majesty's favourite views is that of the stretch of pine trees and gorse seen from the main entrance to the house. The most attractive parts of the garden are perhaps those round the upper and lower lakes. The rock garden by the lake is constructed of the reddish local stone and leads by charming pathways and stepping stones to the lake-side. The flowers are mostly spring and summer flowers—aubretias, alyssum, saxifrages, sedums, primulas, lithospermums, helianthemums, and the lake itself is thick in parts with water lilies—*N. Laydeckeri rosea*, *N. Robinsonia*, *N. Marliacea*, among them. The view from the other side of the lake is particularly attractive when the rhododendrons, azaleas, foxgloves, and willow herb are in flower. Near the margin of the water grow masses of candelabra primulas, a feast of colour when in flower. Beyond is the Dell, a cool shady part, with blue Himalayan poppies and the added charm of the sound of running water. The Church Walk, by which Their Majesties walk to church, is through an avenue of Scotch firs with a lovely view of the Deer Park.

There is a pathetic memento of Prince John in the Sandringham garden, for his little garden has been left just as he made it. It is a typical child's garden with a diminutive path, carefully edged with stones, little shells round what were evidently his favourite plants, and a garden 'ornament' built up of tiles. The poppies, lupins, peonies, camomile, and other flowers he planted remain, and on the entrance to the little enclosure is a plaque with the inscription 'Prince John's garden and the plants he grew and loved 1914-1919'.

The kitchen garden at Sandringham is 16 acres in extent, and it is divided in two by a path over 300 yards long and 4 yards wide, with very broad herbaceous borders on either side—a lovely riot of colour with delphiniums, irises, Canterbury bells, kniphofia, penstemons, campanulas, cosmos, tradescantia, erigerons, shasta daisies, valerian, lupins, stocks, zinnias, eschscholtzias, hollyhocks, phloxes, anchusas, etc. Half way up the path is a circular part adorned with a pool in the centre and in the corners stone vases filled with heliotrope.

Her Majesty's love of sweet-scented plants is well-known, and under the windows of the royal apartments are planted verbena, lavender and stocks. The view from the terrace overlooks beds planted chiefly with the pale blue and pink flowers Her Majesty prefers, and at the further end is Queen Alexandra's pansy garden, a small garden laid out in formal scroll work and still chiefly planted with pansies. On the wall near by is the sundial, with the motto—'My Time is in Thy Hand'.



*Strong Men of Europe—VI**King Alexander of Yugoslavia*

By VERNON BARTLETT

I AM going to deal here with a man who is a king in the good old style—King Alexander of Yugoslavia. The broad lines of his country's problem are well known. It is a problem which has a counterpart in a small way in Poland, where those Poles who were brought up as Germans look upon themselves as being superior in culture to the Poles of Warsaw, since Warsaw was part of Russia. For years before the War Croats and Slovenes in the Austro-Hungarian Empire dreamt of a southern Slav State in which they would be able to join up with Serbia. In 1917—that is to say, well before the end of the War—they were promised a considerable degree of autonomy if the Allies won. The Allies did win, and the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes was formed, but whereas the Croats had expected to play the leading part because of their superior culture, the Serbs were determined to do so because Belgrade, the capital, was in their territory, and because they had done most of the fighting which had set the Croats free.

With the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in competition, parliament was bound to fail. Outside the hotel in Belgrade where I stayed was the huge skeleton of a fine new parliament building, which, I am told, was first put up fourteen years ago. Faced by an impossible situation, King Alexander proclaimed a dictatorship early in 1928, and the dictatorship still exists, for, although elections were held in 1931, they were held by open ballot after a campaign in which no freedom of speech and only one party were allowed. To all intents and purposes they only gave the voter the chance to proclaim in public whether he was for or against the king. The dictatorship has done a good deal of valuable work, for Yugoslavia, like Portugal and one or two other countries I have talked about, is too little educated to make a democratic system work decently, but it has not fully succeeded in its main task, which was to get rid of this rivalry between the Serbs and the Croats. And one of the reasons for its failure is that the King is very dependent upon the army, all the senior officers of which are Serbs—among the younger officers there are many Croats and Slovenes and I am told the three groups work in complete harmony. The name of the country was changed from the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, but the local patriotism still exists. The one Croat leader who might have agreed with the king, Stephen Raditch, was shot during a parliamentary debate in 1928, and the present leader, Dr. Matchek, is a man with very little personality. At least so I'm told; I didn't see him as he is serving a three years' sentence for an alleged attempt to break up the Yugoslav Kingdom—a sentence which, in itself, destroys all hope of a compromise in the near future.

I wanted to see what sort of a man has this very difficult situation to deal with, and in due course I had an imposing looking letter saying that His Majesty the King would deign to receive me on the following day. This was followed by a not very modern Rolls-Royce, belonging to the palace, which came to fetch me at my hotel. In a borrowed morning coat that was much too tight for me I drove up to the palace. Every hundred yards or so were sentries who saluted the royal car, and who must have thought its occupant was an unusually pompous individual, because I did not dare to raise my hand to take the salute lest my coat should split.

I think King Alexander's palace of Dedinje is the most pleasant royal palace I have ever seen. I do not want to claim a great knowledge of them, I have visited a good many, but almost always as one of a party of tourists, herded through long suites of rooms where every chair has a cord across it to prevent people from sitting down. King Alexander's home is a large white villa, built in the Serbian style, with low arches that remind you of some place in the south of Spain. It is built on a hill a few miles outside Belgrade, with a wonderful view of downland country. As I waited in the library for my interview, I looked out on a garden which might belong to some old English country house. The only difference—and it was a difference which took away my envy—was that I noticed the sentries that are an inevitable part of kingship dotted about here and there among the bushes and the flower beds.

King Alexander is a smallish man with a large head, a large nose, and bright, intelligent eyes which are a good deal magnified by his glasses. He wears—or he wore when I saw him—a plain grey uniform with red facings and a high red collar. He talks perfect French and, I suppose, perfect Russian, since he was brought up at the Court of Pages of the Tsar in St. Petersburg. His great-grandfather, who won freedom for Serbia from the Turks, was a peasant who could not read or write. This fact should help him to understand his people, and it certainly helps them to trust him. He may have made a grave mistake in backing

up the idea of Serbian predominance in the state instead of some federal system which might have kept the Croats quiet, but people who know him have no doubt that he is still much the best man to control the country in its present difficulties.

I cannot give you much of an account of my interview with the king because it was less of an interview than a private conversation, and I do not want to betray confidences. He talked very frankly of Italy, but in no spirit of hostility. I ventured to remind him of Signor Mussolini's recent speech to celebrate the draining of the Pontine Marshes, in which he said that that was the kind of war Italy wanted to fight, and the king agreed that the Duce often talked of danger abroad merely to keep up national enthusiasm at home. He would much like to see an improvement in the relations between his country and Italy, but he wished there were more signs of a similar desire on the other side of the Adriatic. He went on to criticise British suggestions that he had, as he put it, wiped out parliament for the fun of the thing. He wanted to return to a normal parliamentary system, but he could not afford to do so while there were these feuds between different parts of the country, and he reminded people in Great Britain that it was not fair to judge Yugoslavia by British standards. Beyond that he spent the greater part of half an hour asking me questions about the various countries I have been lucky enough to visit on behalf of the B.B.C. He promised that next time I visited Belgrade the interview should be the other way round, but that is no help to me here. I am compelled to fall back on my own impressions of the Yugoslav situation, based upon talks with as many people as I could find.

A great deal of the Serbian distrust of the Croats is due to the belief that Italian money is mainly responsible for the Croat campaign for independence. I found many people in Belgrade who agreed with me that Signor Mussolini did not want a war with Yugoslavia, if only because the capture of the Dalmatian coast would give him an impossibly difficult frontier to defend. But, they argued, he might have an interest in the breakdown of the Yugoslav kingdom. The port of Fiume, for example, which Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, seized during the Peace Conference, is now a dead port. The railway which connects it with its natural hinterland, Austria, has to pass across a strip of Yugoslav territory, and Yugoslavs certainly do nothing to encourage traffic which would make an Italian Fiume prosperous. If they had this port, which they look upon as rightfully theirs, they could capture much of the Central European trade which now goes north to Hamburg. The Italians could do the same if they gained control over the strip of Yugoslavia which divides Fiume from Austria, and this they might do if the Yugoslav kingdom were to split up.

This brings us on to the question as to whether the kingdom is likely to split up, and I can best answer that by summarising the opinion of one of the best informed foreigners in the country. In his belief, the four walls of Yugoslavia will stand whatever happens. The welding of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Macedonians, and so on, into one united Yugoslav people is a consummation which can only be achieved after the toils and tribulations of at least a couple of generations. There may be a lot of smashing of furniture, of partition walls and even of floors within the four outside walls of the Yugoslav State, but the trouble will be limited to that. The crux of the matter today is the struggle for predominance within the State, complicated by all sorts of questions like religion and cultural history, and so on. Perhaps the closest analogy to the differences between the Serbs on the one hand and the Croats and Slovenes on the other is that of Prussia and Bavaria in the German Reich. There seems a very good chance that all will go well in the end, even though the methods adopted may sometimes shock those who live in more civilised and experienced lands, and the man who is most likely to make things all right in the end is King Alexander.

The French Prime Minister is shortly to visit Rome, and the result of this visit should be an improvement in the relations, not only between the Little Entente and Hungary, but also between Italy and Yugoslavia; but even if this improvement is not immediate I believe that the dangers of revolution in that country have been very much exaggerated. In the autumn, when the crops are in, agitation may begin again, but it could have no serious result unless the army and the police were to turn disloyal, and of that there is no indication. And as for the more remote future, that depends much less upon King Alexander, Dr. Matchek, the members of the government and of the various secret societies which still have so much influence, than upon the success or failure of President Roosevelt's policy in America, the effect of Herr Hitler's policy in Berlin, and the prices that the Yugoslav peasants can get for their crops.





# The Listener

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## Cæsar and Cæsarism

**L**ISTENERS to Mr. Vernon Bartlett's 'Strong Men of Europe' talks may sauce the dishes which he is there offering them by a perusal of Professor R. S. Conway's article on Julius Cæsar in the current issue of the *Quarterly Review*. The strong men of the world are nearly always an enigma to the most thoughtful of their contemporaries, and even more so to posterity, which has less chance of understanding their mentality and motives. Hence it is only too easy for their memory to become surrounded with some kind of legend which from time to time needs to be ruthlessly analysed and even demolished by scientific criticism. Now Professor Conway has set out to destroy a legend of this sort, which he holds to have been deliberately created round the character of Cæsar by certain nineteenth-century historians, and in particular Mommsen. 'Cæsar', wrote Mommsen, 'was the entire and perfect man . . . just because he more than any other possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation—practical aptitude as a citizen—in perfection'. This verdict Professor Conway challenges in the light of the facts of Cæsar's career and the qualities of his writings.

He calls attention to the extraordinary acts of cruelty and brutality which stained Cæsar's career (both in his campaigns in Gaul and in his private life); to his opportunist policy as leader of the 'popular' party and his unscrupulous use of the basest human material for his tools; and finally to the inhumanity and cold impersonality of his commentaries and letters. Every schoolboy who has been bored with Cæsar's commentaries will confirm the truth of Professor Conway's remark, 'The story proceeds with a steady impersonal flow like water from a tap, and as if it came from a source outside the world of human events'. This, no doubt, is the baffling quality which makes not only Cæsar but so many other of the great men of the world, past and present, so uninterpretable by and unintelligible to their fellow-men. It is a pity indeed that psychologists can as yet tell us so little of what goes to make this quality of inhumanity which is so frequently associated with genius, particularly in great men of action. In Cæsar's case Professor Conway draws attention to his lack of humour and the frigid, almost metallic, quality of his style of expression. 'We feel ourselves in the presence of one of those men who were born to be a riddle—enormously strong and capable, with a keen insight into the

weaknesses of his fellows; admired by those with whom he dealt at a distance, but never understood by his own relatives or close friends, and detested as heartless by his enemies'. That phrase 'admired by those with whom he dealt at a distance' provides, perhaps, a key to the temptation to which history so often falls a victim, the temptation to adulate the strong men of the past by whitewashing their inhumanity, because 'distance lends enchantment to the view'.

Professor Conway's contradiction of Mommsen finds apt support in the newly re-issued *Life of Cæsar* by Professor Ferrero, whose detailed study of the last century of the Roman Republic leads him to the conviction that 'Cæsar was not a great statesman, but he was a great destroyer'. The final stages of Cæsar's career—the entanglement with Cleopatra, the dream of conquering Parthia, and the toying with monarchy—are marked by a bankruptcy of constructive policy which would show that the 'great destroyer' had no power of reconciling faction or healing the strife in which he moved. The interpretation of Cæsar's career, Professor Conway reminds us, is not so remote and academic to us today as may appear. 'The belief in Cæsarism as an institution, impatience with the methods of free government and willingness to submit to despotism because of its supposed efficiency, is an attitude of mind often connected with an imperfect conception of Cæsar himself'. Professor Conway does not hold that exact parallels can be drawn between the career of Cæsar and that of leading statesmen of today, but his revaluation of Julius Cæsar is a timely warning to those who place excessive faith in the ability of 'strong men' to right the world, without regard to the morality of the methods they pursue.

## Week by Week

**F**EW authors have so sedulously avoided the limelight as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There was, therefore, a particular pleasure in hearing him make his debut at the microphone last week, and in knowing that most of his admirers (and Mr. Kipling has the enviable gift of numbering thousands of admirers among those who find it most difficult to share his point of view) were making direct contact with him for the very first time. He only spoke for seven or eight minutes, but in that time he showed himself an admirable broadcaster. His voice 'came over' most clearly, and so did his very characteristic way of ending each sentence off so sharply that its impression is left quite clear and final in the listener's mind. His subject—he was proposing the health of the visiting members of the Canadian Authors' Association at a lunch given them by the Royal Society of Literature—was one very well suited to his genius, giving him occasion to speak of his own craft, and of the two countries that meet in Canada—England and France, those countries, as he called them, which are at one in their determination 'not to be de-civilised on any pretext or for any gain'. We only hope that now Mr. Kipling has faced the microphone once he may be persuaded to do so again with no long delay.

The short account\* which has now been published of the seven years' work carried on in the Rhondda Valley at the Maes-yr-Haf Settlement is a remarkable tale of achievement. The experiment began to take root in the days of the mining dispute of 1926, and thereafter continued throughout the years of abnormal conditions which sprang from the economic depression of 1929. The efforts which the Settlement has made to grapple with the social problem caused by the distress in this area took the form of the creation of clubs, first for single men and then for girls; subsequently a new kind of unemployed club was evolved open to married men as well as single, and provision was made to meet the needs of their wives and dependents by the formation of sewing groups. Through these clubs not only has ordinary educational activity been fostered, but opportunities for practical work have been developed on a large scale. A weaving school for

\**Maes-yr-Haf After Seven Years, 1926-1933. Treallaw, The Rhondda, S. Wales.*



women and workshops for the men have been started; schemes to improve local amenities, as by creating playgrounds, have been undertaken; co-operative purchase has been organised; and communal land cultivation tried. The latest developments include the launching of a poultry training scheme and the provision of a communal rest-house twenty miles away near the sea, which the unemployed can visit in parties for short periods and gain the benefit of a complete change of environment. Last winter a group of young single unemployed men lived there on a communal basis, and this summer it is expected that over a thousand men and women will be able to take a week's holiday there. The seven years' work of the Maes-yr-Haf Settlement have indeed been fruitful, though its leaders are the first to remind us that 'those who have taken part are compelled to admit

the purchaser to find what he wants. Thanks chiefly to these services, we have huge works turning out goods in mass, and huge stores offering them at prices which are only possible where there is a huge turnover'. Lord Astor expressed the hope that we were now on the road to trade recovery, when 'replacements will have to be made and needs satisfied. Spending wisely will increasingly become a virtue. New opportunities for trade will open in the Empire. Efficient advertising and marketing will become more vital than ever in increasing sales and facilitating selection and purchase'. Advertising, he continued, is becoming more and more a guarantee of the good quality of the goods and services advertised. The Exhibition is intended to help and advise the manufacturer and producer in displaying their goods in the right market, and to increase public confidence by scientific methods and efficiency.

It has attractions not only for the advertising expert, but for the general public as well, many of whom are expected to visit Olympia during the present week.

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The photograph which we reproduce on this page of the Pilsudski Museum in Warsaw reached us too late for inclusion in our last issue to illustrate Mr. Vernon Bartlett's reference to it last week, but we now reproduce it as a curiosity for our readers. The range of offerings brought to Marshal Pilsudski and now jumbled together within its walls is truly remarkable, extending from a bicycle to a jellyfish and from a stuffed wildcat to innumerable replicas of Polish art. Obviously the museum presents more the appearance of an old curiosity shop than anything else, and could hardly satisfy the standards of orderly display pressed for by our own Museums Association, for instance. There cannot, indeed, be very many one-man museums in the world now, though in the United States there is said to be one magnificent marble palace built by legacy to house the boots, clothing and furniture of a deceased multi-millionaire—and nothing else.

\* \* \*



The Pilsudski Museum in the Belvedere Palace at Warsaw

The Polish Press Bureau

how slight is the opening made of the heavy door that closes in the life of so many'. The record of this Settlement should nevertheless be an inspiration to all who are carrying on similar work in other parts of the country.

\* \* \*

The idea of publishing a 'cautionary guide' to rouse public opinion to resist the disfigurement of our towns and countryside is evidently spreading. The latest area to be made an object lesson for this purpose is the Wirral district of Cheshire, which includes the beautiful country lying to the south of Liverpool and Birkenhead, which has suffered severely through the incursions of urban vandalism. *Wirral Countryside: A Cautionary Guide* has been published by the Liverpool branch of the C.P.R.E., with the assistance of the Liverpool City Guild and members of the Liverpool Architectural and Building Societies. As Professor Patrick Abercrombie says in his foreword to the booklet, a great part of the solitude and beauty of the Wirral has been irretrievably spoiled in the last thirty years. 'When full town planning powers arrived, and the recognition of the need to use them, it was already too late to attempt the major objectives—grouping of the population into well-marked centres both for economic supply of services and the minimising of the urban impact on the countryside'. There remain, however, lesser but important ameliorations of the position which local authorities are able to carry out through town and country planning. The purpose of this 'cautionary guide' is to popularise the principles behind the town and country planning movement, by showing contrasting groups of photographs with suitable (often sarcastic) captions appended. Several very effective points are scored in this way, touching architecture, advertising, treatment of trees, litter, and even the monuments in graveyards.

\* \* \*

'Advertising and marketing', said Lord Astor in his broadcast talk last week on the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition, 'are the services which enable the manufacturer and distributor to bring their wares to the notice of the purchaser, and help

Lady Keeble (Lillah McCarthy) pays several compliments to broadcasting in the course of her new book of memoirs, *Myself and My Friends*; among them a striking tribute to the power of the unseen voice at the microphone to move the emotions. Discussing the subject of the reading aloud of poetry, she awards the palm of pre-eminence in this respect to W. B. Yeats and Humbert Wolfe among living writers. 'Yet', she continues, 'of the poetry I have heard spoken the most beautiful was that of an—to me—unknown voice which I heard over the wireless on the night when the General Strike came to an end. After announcing the news, the voice spoke with beauty surpassing any that I have heard Blake's lines on Jerusalem. The emotion with which I listened to the concluding lines is evoked every time they recur to my memory:

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land'.

## MODERN ARCHITECTURE

### Is it on the Right Track?

Next week we shall publish a symposium of answers to this question by well-known architects, including Sir Reginald Blomfield, Charles Holden, Wells Coates, Curtis Green, Frederic Towndrow, Joseph Emberton and others

### FULLY ILLUSTRATED



*Excavators' Progress—III**The East—From Iraq to India*

By STANLEY CASSON

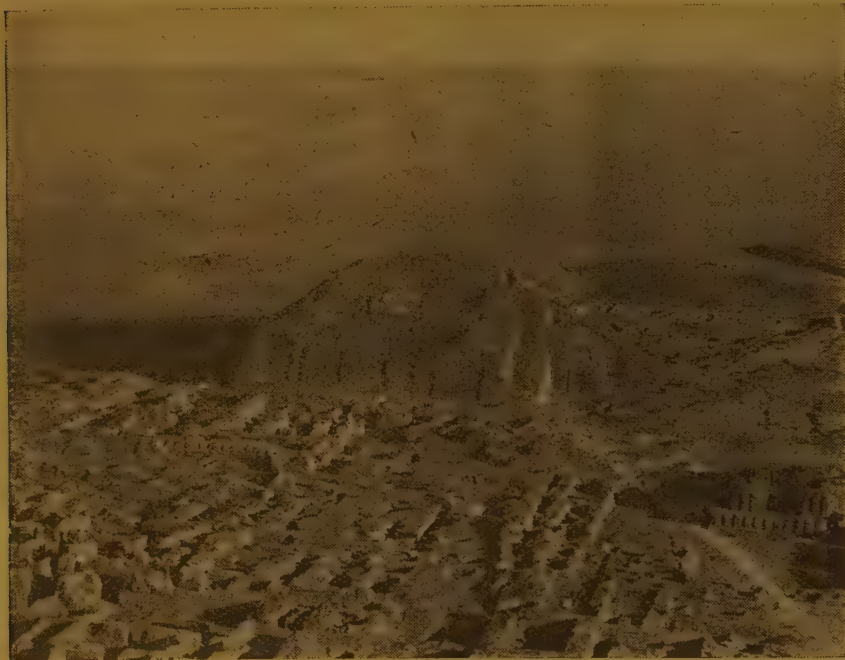
THE possibility of excavation depends on many factors. Funds available, political conditions of the regions investigated, public safety and international diplomacy, are among the numerous elements which have to be considered. When all are favourable, excavations begin. But the dependence of excavation upon these factors has tended to dis-

Europe it was the same. Central Europe and south-eastern Europe, on the other hand, were beginning to feel the impact of a larger and more inventive existence. There strayed up the Danube valley influences and people from the East who had come into contact with a civilised world. And that civilised world was Sumeria. Egypt, too, was not far behind, and in the Nile Valley the flower of civilisation was budding, as in the valley of the twin rivers.

At once we are face to face with the problem of deciding where civilisation as such began in the world. And by civilisation I mean that stage of life in which there takes place the organisation of sedentary folk into towns and cities, in order that life may become safer, more cultured, happier, and more productive of those elements which induce what is optimistically called progress. Organisation is the basis of the civilised life, and organisation is barely perceptible in the life of primitive villagers or nomads.

Mesopotamia had not begun to be extensively excavated when a theory was propounded that Egypt was the centre from which civilisation had sprung, the birthplace of that organised life which rapidly spread the length and breadth of the Mediterranean. To this theory the excavations at Ur brought a serious check. For the earliest cemetery at Ur is dated by the excavators to 3500 B.C., and the Royal Graves of that cemetery contained works of art of so high an order that, at the very least, several centuries must be allowed for the development of the art which they represent. For we can say at once that the artistic qualities of, for instance, the gold vessels, the mosaic 'standard' and the great gold helmet of Mes-Kalam-Dug, and the very ex-

istence of elaborate music, as illustrated by the discovery of four large harps, presupposes a very considerable period of development, either in Mesopotamia or in that unknown land whence the Sumerians came. The First Dynasty of Egypt, during which Egypt was for the first time organised into a land of the same

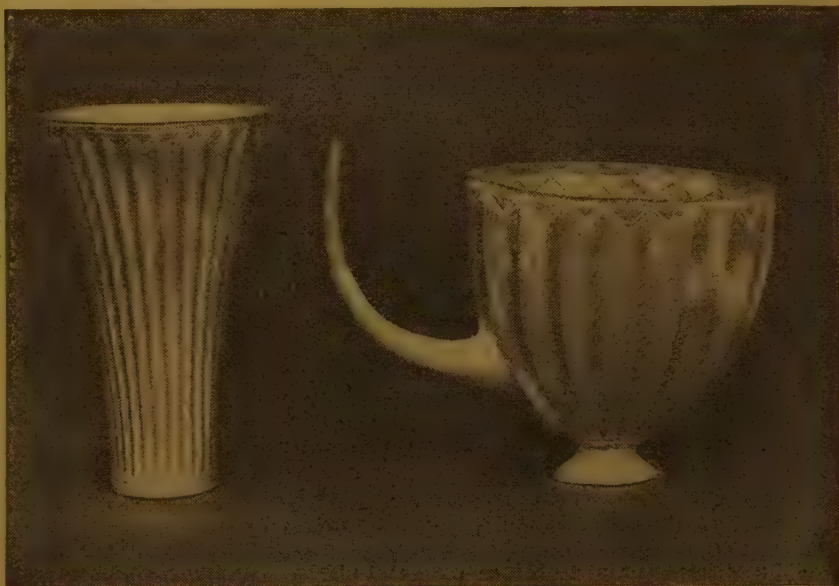


Air view of Ur

British Museum

tort the perspective of the researchers. Greece and Egypt, the earliest regions to be scientifically examined, have sometimes tended to distract attention from other areas. Chief of these is Mesopotamia, where before the War, little that was earlier than the historical Babylonian and Assyrian ages had been examined. Even so, the amazing advance of knowledge based on the researches of the middle of last century showed how important were the alluvial plains of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The close of the War saw in Mesopotamia political conditions and social security sufficient to justify extensive research. Work began almost as soon as the Armistice was signed, and the results of the excavations carried out since then have been astonishing. Chief among the excavations sponsored by British and American organisations have been those at Ur, Kish, and related sites in the plain. At last we are in a position to make an outline of Mesopotamian history and prehistory for those early periods of which, before the War, we knew almost nothing, and, more important still, we are at last beginning to get some light on the obscure problem of the origin of civilisation itself and its spread. Every year that passes brings more evidence to show the extent of Sumerian civilisation and to illustrate the other civilisations with which it was in contact.

In last week's article it was made clear that the most primitive periods of British prehistory occurred between 3000 and 4000 B.C. Britain was then inhabited by people, whose affinities were possibly Mediterranean, but whose life was just emerging from the stage of mere food-collecting and hunting to one of elementary agricultural and village life. Briefly, in that dim age life was little more than a bare subsistence. And in the rest of Western



Fluted gold cup and feeding-vessel from a royal grave at Ur

British Museum

complex nature as Mesopotamia, did not occur till about 3300 B.C. And this new organisation and culture of the First Dynasty is now recognised itself as due to some external contact. It is also agreed that certain material characteristics of the new Egyptian culture of this time are themselves derived from the





Harp from Ur, covered with gold and inset with lapis lazuli  
British Museum

Euphrates valley. The Sumerians are the first to use the potter's wheel, the first to become experts in metallurgy, the first to make efficient weapons and the first to organise military forces. The last invention was probably the mainspring of their existence. By the discovery of disciplined fighting and organised force they had put themselves into a position of complete supremacy. To the Sumerians can be attributed the invention of war.

But the great graves of Ur deserve consideration in themselves. From them alone we can reconstruct many of the main elements of the life of the early Sumerians. Their discovery was one of the greatest triumphs of archaeology: their contents probably the richest in wealth and art ever found. From a study of the vast collection of golden vessels and ceremonial weapons of gold, electrum and silver; from the elegant shapes of the stone cups and jars; from the elaborate gold jewels of the women, and the practical equipment of the Royal Guard whose bodies accompanied their kings and queens, we see a state which had, already nearly five-and-a-half thousand years ago, devised a systematised mode of life in which most of the main elements of civilisation were present. Let us look at the contents of these great graves and see for ourselves.

The excavations at Ur began soon after the War. For some five years steady routine work began to reveal the history of this city. But as yet there was no sign that it had been a place of enormous wealth or productive of a great art. But in 1927 was found a superb gold dagger, lying with a heap of discarded weapons. The immediate sequel was the discovery of a royal tomb. But, to the disappointment of the excavators, the tomb itself had been robbed in antiquity. The excavations, however, proceeded, and in close proximity to the robbed tomb were found, in a wide trench, the bodies of five men, and further on those of ten women, elaborately dressed in headdresses of gold, lapis lazuli and carnelian. At the end of this row of women was a harp of wood capped and fitted with gold and richly inlaid with stones. Further on was a sledge, also adorned with gold and stones, and in front of the sledge the skeletons of two asses. By their bones were the bodies of their grooms. Near the sledge was such a wealth of gold and silver cups and bowls as would excite the most jaded treasure-hunter. Beyond this treasure lay the bodies of six royal guards, with copper spears and copper helmets. Beyond them were two four-wheeled ox-wagons. Other bodies of attendants and soldiers were found, and it soon became apparent that here was to be seen the complete regalia, with the bodies of most of those present at the ceremony of a royal burial of the first importance. Next to the robbed grave of the king was a second tomb which, when opened, revealed the unrobbed burial of a queen, complete with all her richest possessions. And at last the story could be reconstructed. Probably they were husband and wife. The queen, whose name was revealed as Queen Shubad, had apparently died after her husband, and been buried near him. For this purpose the ground near the king's grave had been reopened and the workmen employed at that time had, unnoticed, rifled

the king's tomb and covered over the hole they made. Nothing else would explain the facts as they were revealed. The ceremony which the objects and skeletons indicated was a grim one. The death of royalty resulted in a large scale *suttee* of his court. Three people had been buried in the king's grave with him and sixty-two outside. Twenty-five had perished with the queen. The sacrifice was, it appears, voluntary. The excavators are, indeed, of the view that the victims took, or were given, poison, for there were no signs of violence.

Of the views on the after-life indicated by these ceremonies we can venture no more than to say that the future life must, to the Sumerians, have been held to be a replica of this life. Of the religion which necessitated the ceremony we know little or nothing.

Of the works of art revealed we must not let the glitter of gold obscure the discerning eye. The golden bowls stand out as works of art of great purity and simplicity. Their purity of line and absence of ornament stamp them as the product of a people of high æsthetic sense. The fluted cups, in particular, exhibit a deep feeling for the structure of the vessels and the nature of the metal employed. The harps and the standard, on the other hand, exhibit a formal and linear art which presupposes a long period of development. They are, perhaps, too rich and at times slightly barbaric, but the knowledge of metal-craft and stonework implies a very high standard of craftsmanship.

At Ur this was only the beginning of a series of magnificent discoveries. The grave of Meskalamdug, opened later, added further treasures as rich and lovely as the previous finds. The strange figure of the 'ram caught in the thicket' is not least of the later finds. Its purpose and use are unknown: probably it was a ceremonial ornament, the memory of which reached the ancient Hebrews. The excavations at Ur continued and are continuing without break. Finds at the lowest levels now enable us to say that the Sumerians were an immigrant folk who entered the



Sumerian statue, acquired in 1932 for the British Museum

great plain of Mesopotamia perhaps from a hill-country. They found in the plain, living in humble villages on high ground among the marshes, a people of Semitic strain. These latter are identified at various sites and related to similar peoples who produced similar pottery at Susa in Elam and at Bushire, at Eridu and at Kish. The arrival of the Sumerians, probably from the North, as town-makers and town-dwellers, accords with the





Standard from Ur, inlaid with mosaic of shell and lapis lazuli

British Museum

famous Sumerian 'Hymn of Creation' which describes the earliest inhabitants as swamp dwellers who 'drank ditchwater' and relates how they became civilised. Between the earliest time of Sumerian occupation and the culture revealed by the Royal graves occurred a disastrous flood which has survived in history as the flood of the Babylonian records and the flood of Genesis. This flood, due to lack of fully developed drainage and scientific control of disastrous inundations, came as a dislocation of national life and persisted in Sumerian folk-memory and record. Much still remains to be found of the earlier periods of Sumerian life, and each year that passes increases our knowledge.

Equal in importance, though in no way as sensational as the graves of Ur, comes the discovery, made in the last few years, of the interconnection of Sumerian-Babylonian civilisation with that of India. After many generations of complete neglect the prehistoric culture of India has at last been fully revealed at two sites in the Indus valley—Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro. Here was developed a city-life in every way as complicated and complete as that of Sumeria. At present all we know of it is that it flourished about 2500 to 3000 B.C., and originated at a much earlier date, that it was a culture in which fully organised city-building with brick was practised on an extensive scale, and that the inhabitants were gifted with a very considerable artistic ability of an original kind and possessed knowledge of writing and a script of their own. The contact with Mesopotamia was definite. And in the discovery of this interrelation of the two cultures archaeological research can claim another important achievement. For, several years before the Indian excavations were begun, excavators in Mesopotamia had recorded the discovery of occasional seals inscribed with an unknown script and bearing designs in an unknown style. At Mohenjo-Daro seals of this type were found in such numbers that it was at once evident that India was their place of origin.

Once this was known, further search among the accumulated discoveries of Mesopotamia revealed others and, in addition, what seem to be local Mesopotamian copies of Indian seals. There were also found at Ur, in 1926, two clay objects, a brick and a vase, bearing what are thought to be letters in the Indian script. In brief, the two cultures of India and Sumeria seem to have been in direct touch, with trade connections. Here is a conclusion based on material of no great value, which is in every way as important as those drawn from the treasures of the Ur graves. It remains to be found what was the length of the period of contact. All that can be said at present is that that period antedates 2000 B.C. and may go back to 3000. The fixed dating of some of the Indian objects found in a Mesopotamian setting serves to act as an external check on the dating assigned internally to the Indian discoveries. Here is a field where further discovery is essential. Continued excavation in India will tell us much more. One incidental discovery in the Indian excavations was of exceptional and most unusual interest. A statue carved in red sandstone was found, of a boy, of such exquisite workmanship and such complete competence that at first sight it might be mistaken for good Greek work of the fourth century B.C. Yet from the context in which it was found



Indian seals from Mohenjo-Daro, showing Indian bulls and inscriptions in the indecipherable Indian script. Similar seals have been found in Mesopotamia

By courtesy of the Kern Institute, Leyden

it seems that it must certainly belong to the third millennium. Here is an artistic mystery of the first order which can only be explained by further discovery. Finds of this nature show that the progress of art is not comparable to the progress of history. The Indians may prove to have been the earliest naturalistic sculptors in the world.

South Central Asia undoubtedly holds the clue to many problems. If the Indian and Sumerian civilisations are derivative from a common source, that source may possibly be found in the intervening plains and valleys of Baluchistan. Persia, too, holds many secrets and is still hardly as yet open to full scientific excavation. Recent investigations at Asterabad on the Caspian suggest a far-away north-eastern extension of Sumerian culture. In North Persia large cemeteries, have been ruthlessly torn open by peasants in the last two years, and the objects found have flooded the European markets. These objects are the now well-known 'bronzes of Luristan'. Through lack of knowledge of the context in which they were found it is as yet impossible to date them or to assign them to any known culture. But it seems probable that the earliest have some Sumerian affinities and that, later, the nomad art of the Asiatic steppes penetrated far into Persia.

Historic Persia also is now being more closely investigated. The ruins of Persepolis, already long known and largely above the surface, have in the last year been most closely examined, and extensively cleared, by an American expedition. The result has been the discovery of enormous areas of palace frontage of



Plain gold vessel from Ur

British Museum





Palace at Persepolis: staircase with battlements and relief sculptures

*Photograph by the Persian Expedition (under Professor Ernst Herzfeld) of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. By courtesy of Professor James Henry Breasted, Director of the Institute*

the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., showing superb reliefs carved by Persian artists, in some cases almost in their

original condition with the paint still intact. This is a magnificent addition to our knowledge of Persian sculpture in relief, even if it is not a specifically new contribution to knowledge like the tombs of Ur. The ramps and staircases, balustrades and battlements, now saved and, in part, restored, show us a major part of a Persian palace of the time of the great Persian attempt to conquer Europe which was defeated by the Greeks. Here is adequate illustration of the descriptions of Persian life preserved by Greek authors. Persia, indeed, is a new and wide field for discovery, as yet barely touched. Here may

discoveries of the last few years are like the stray surface nuggets that indicate the unworked Eldorado.

Like Toc H, the Women's Institute Movement in Great Britain has shown a remarkable growth since the War; but, unlike Toc H, little is known of it outside rural areas. Its growth may be judged by the fact that at the end of 1932 the number of individual institutes was close on 5,000 with an approximate membership of 297,000 and that the Albert Hall in London was hired for the annual meeting of the delegates who represented 52 per cent. of the institutes. A most fascinating account of this development from the time during the War, when Mrs. Watt introduced the idea from Canada, is given in *Countrywomen in Council*, by Janet E. Courtney (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.). During the War a Women's Institute was 'a group of women banded together to help their country and themselves'. This help was given by releasing men from the land, by increasing the food supply, by starting War Savings Associations, by considering the question of rural education, by encouraging village industries and by making the Institutes the centre of village life. Since the War these objects have been revised and the work now can be gauged by the committees which have been set up to deal with handicrafts; general education; agriculture and horticulture; music, drama and dancing; health and domestic science. The whole story of the movement is a romance, but one which has been achieved by the hard work and keen foresight of the pioneers of the National Federation of Women's Institutes—women like Lady Denman, Miss Grace Hadow, and Miss Alice Williams. The skilful organisation of the executive committee, the willingness to co-operate with other bodies working in the same field and the 'democratic, non-party and non-sectarian' character of the movement have undoubtedly borne fruit. But Mrs. Courtney has not confined her efforts to a mere history of this association. The earlier chapters which give a vivid description of the conditions against which the movement reacted are well worth studying; and the reader will gain much information on the work of Rural Community Councils, County Libraries, Townswomen's Guilds and Women's Institutes abroad. Where the book has done a great service, however, is in pointing out the value of the silent work of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees. The work of this body in financing the social services of this country has been stupendous and deserves greater recognition.



Torso in red stone from Harappa  
From 'Mohenjo-Daro and the Indus Civilization'.  
By courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Arthur Probsthain

be found further connecting links between Sumeria and India. Here is almost virgin soil for the explorer of antiquity; the



## Current Musical Topics—I

# The Operatic Problem: What Next?

By FRANCIS TOYB

*The first of a new series of articles by Mr. Francis Toye, in which he will deal with matters of current musical interest*

THE operatic problem in this country has been so widely discussed that there is no necessity to state it anew in detail. Broadly speaking, it may be divided into two headings, the problem of a season, long or short, of International Opera, and the problem of Opera in English in London and elsewhere. These two aspects of the question, which have in reality very little in common, must be considered separately.

It has become the fashion in certain quarters to welcome rather than deplore the possible destruction of Covent Garden. On sentimental grounds alone I am unable to subscribe to this view; the tradition, the prestige, of Covent Garden are an asset to London, even though the technical deficiencies of the theatre and its partial unsuitability to modern conditions may be admitted. International Opera, however, can continue to exist apart from Covent Garden and, so far as I know, the desirability of this in some form or another has not been questioned in any responsible quarter.

What seems to me clear is that a rather different kind of organisation from what we have at present is necessary to deal with International Opera, whether at Covent Garden or elsewhere. The German part of the season runs smoothly enough. To most people this is practically synonymous with Wagnerian opera, and so long as the very considerable and enthusiastic body of Wagner-lovers get this opera they are satisfied. They are also entirely satisfied with its principal interpreters, who possess the inestimable advantage of always appearing together all over the world in the same roles. For my part I should like to hear other German operas besides those of Wagner, and, if only with a view to the future, it would appear highly advisable to recruit a certain number of new singers. Nevertheless, for the time being the present regime appears to satisfy requirements.

The Italian Season, which may be considered to include French operas, if and when they are given, stands in a very different position. This year, for instance, both press and public have manifested extreme dissatisfaction with the singers, and their complaints, though in certain cases exaggerated, were not without foundation. Considering the fact that prices of admission are roughly those that obtained before the War, the discrepancy between the standard of performance then and now is indefensible. Think of Melba, Destinn, Caruso, Scotti. It is no discredit to Italian opera that for performances of the first class singers of this calibre should constitute an ingredient as indispensable as the very large orchestra of the first class in Wagnerian music-drama. It may be that under present conditions it is impossible to find them either in Italy or elsewhere. If that is so, there is no more to be said. But I know from personal experience that more could be done than is done, particularly in the matter of basses and baritones, of whom Italy still possesses an adequate supply. A great deal more enterprise, however, must be shown, and the Italian singers themselves must be made to realise that in England and the United States the days are past when they could command *ipso facto* fees on a larger scale than those of their colleagues of other nationalities.

Remains the question of production generally during the Italian Season; a far more difficult problem than that of the German Season. The singers are as a rule quite fortuitously brought together and are usually not such good musicians as their German colleagues. We rightly attach far more importance to questions of production than formerly, and only with the highest degree of efficient organisation is there any hope of the problem being tackled with success. Possibly more might be done in the way of importing permanent companies from Rome, Naples or Milan, strengthened by one or two extra singers of outstanding merit. Certainly the repertory should be enlarged by greater attention being paid to *opera buffa*, a genre

in which, as Beethoven remarked a hundred years ago, the Italians are unquestionably supreme. Granted the tackling of the problem on some such lines as these, the necessary money and the necessary theatre should not prove insuperable obstacles.

The problem of opera in English is entirely different, the proper objective here being to secure not so much ideal as, in the proper sense of the adjective, adequate performances at something less than ordinary theatre prices. In its way, on a rather lower scale, the opera at Sadler's Wells—I absolutely refuse to write the odious term 'Vic-Wells', which sounds like a bus route rather than an artistic organisation—has very nearly solved the problem already. With a very little more money the problem so far as London is concerned would be solved entirely. Given another rehearsal for each opera, an addition of half a dozen players to the orchestra and a slightly raised level of remuneration for the principal singers, these performances would in a year's time provide about the best operatic value for money in the world. Thanks to intelligent direction and careful organisation they are often remarkably good as it is. On the presumption that present plans materialise, and that the League of Opera functions through Sadler's Wells, providing during certain months of the year opera performances at the more important provincial towns, leaving those of lesser importance to a supervised and strengthened Carl Rosa, the problem of opera in English would be, basically, solved. Doubtless there would not be splendid productions or an abundance of experimental or even unfamiliar works; these things would have to be reached gradually, as audiences became larger and better educated. But it should be possible, on, let us say, a three years' plan to produce in an adequate manner most of the operas worth hearing and to introduce two or three novelties every year.

This, so it seems to me, is the ideal to be aimed at for the present. Much harm has been done to the cause of English Opera by precipitate enthusiasm in the past. Every position should be consolidated before a further advance is attempted. Nothing should be left to chance. A great deal of groundwork, in fact, still remains to be done. As regards orchestral players and conductors we are in a singularly fortunate position. But the technical equipment of our singers is, generally speaking, not yet good enough; there are not sufficient producers of experience and imagination; the importance of the *répétiteurs* must be more emphasised and the collaboration between them and the conductors be made more intimate.

Probably the general public does not even begin to realise the great importance of some of these points, especially in the matter of the *répétiteur*, that is the person at the piano responsible for going through the parts with the singers. Yet it is attention to details of this kind that makes all the difference between a performance that possesses style and one that does not. We do not know yet precisely what standard of actual voice we can expect in our English singers. This may seem a strange statement, but it is true; an isolated phenomenon like an Eva Turner or a Piccaver may mean little or much. Only when there is an operatic organisation in being, able to offer a wage sufficient to secure a prior claim on the services of all its singers and to provide them with facilities for improvement alike in singing and acting, shall we be able to tell the real potential value of English singers for operatic purposes. Improvisation, however brilliant, is the one thing to be avoided at all costs in the matter of English Opera. Patient building up, as and when more money becomes available, unlimited enthusiasm and enlightened experience, are the three instruments we must use to forge our own English tradition. Eventually we may hope, without undue optimism, to produce something worthy of the great opera houses of the world. The indispensable condition is that we do not try to accomplish too much, too quickly.



## Science Notes

## Influenza—Deaths by Fire—The Respirator

THE announcement in the issue of *The Lancet* for July 8, that Dr. P. P. Laidlaw and his colleagues at the National Institute for Medical Research, at Mill Hill, Dr. Wilson Smith and Dr. C. H. Andrewes, have greatly advanced our knowledge of the cause of influenza, has been received with great interest in medical circles. Potential sufferers from this epidemic should take their hats off to the ferret. For it has been the body of this little animal which has given the doctors a piece of information whose lack has hitherto stifled progress. For some years it has been supposed that the infective cause of influenza is what the bacteriologist calls a filter-passing virus—something still mysterious but definitely different from, and much smaller than, a bacillus or bacterium, something so small as to pass readily through pores no more than a twenty-thousandth of a centimetre in diameter. The new work makes this supposition a certainty. The important thing, however, is that after repeated failures to get animals to become infected with human influenza the doctors have found the ferret is susceptible. Influenza can now be followed under scientifically controlled conditions in a way which was impossible before. The work is still in the early stages, but there is good reason to hope that it will soon be possible to cultivate the virus in test tubes, so that ultimately a durable immunity in human beings may be obtained by an injection of a protective serum. A short time ago the disease of distemper in dogs was at the same stage that the investigation on influenza is now, in the same laboratories. (It is due to a similar kind of thing.) Happily there the serum for preventing it has been found. There is good hope, therefore, that when the influenza epidemic comes again the doctors will be ready for it in a way they have never been before.

The investigators passed the washings from the throat of a sufferer from influenza through a filter to stop all bacteria, and infected ferrets with the filtrate. When the ferrets acquired the disease they transmitted it by contact; it could be transmitted also by inoculation with the infective material. (This was found only in the ferret's nasal passages.) The ferrets did not acquire the influenza from throat-washings from a healthy man or from one convalescing from influenza or from one suffering from the common cold, but only from the genuine sufferer. Human sera, particularly from those convalescing from influenza, were next found to contain substances which could neutralise the virus of the ferret disease. The ferrets themselves were able to produce such substances, for when they recovered from influenza they were invariably found to be immune to subsequent infection with the same strain of virus for at least five months, and more often for longer periods. If, indeed, after a longer time a second attack occurred it was very mild and the ferret had no difficulty in making a prompt and complete recovery. These occurrences are, of course, the first stages in the adventure of finding a serum which will some day immunise those who have never suffered from the epidemic.

There are one or two other interesting points which have come out of the investigation. The virus of influenza is not in itself very harmful; it brings on so mild a disease that it is hardly recognised. To be virulent it needs the accompaniment of certain bacteria, also, in themselves, comparatively harmless. In most cases of infection, however, the bacteria accompany the virus, so that together they achieve in practice what theoretically, divided, they would fail to do. The other interesting point is the close connection between human influenza and swine fever. The virus of the latter disease was found to cause disease in the ferret indistinguishable from that caused by the virus of human influenza. Anything, therefore, discovered about swine fever will increase our knowledge of influenza. In the investigation on swine fever it was found also that the virus was virulent only when it was accompanied by certain bacteria. This type of double infection had been also found in the earlier investigation into distemper in dogs.

carried out in the United States was published in a recent number of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. The question has been particularly acute over there, for in two recent fires the losses of life due to gassing were many times greater than those due to the fires themselves. The investigators studied in great detail the products of combustion of the materials which usually burn in a fire under fire conditions; this is largely a problem in gas analysis. Their results are interesting. They find that the products of combustion contain the following gases (which are arranged in decreasing order of poisonous effect): sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid, nitrous fumes, sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide, ammonia, petrol and paraffin fumes, and, finally and least harmful, carbon dioxide. Any material which contains sulphur produces the first and the fourth of the above in a fire; any material which contains nitrogen produces the second, third and sixth. The worst gas of all is really the mixture of oxides of nitrogen usually called nitrous fumes, because although it is specifically less deadly than sulphuretted hydrogen or prussic acid it is formed in relatively enormous volume. Woollen materials are among the worst things to burn in a fire because they contain both sulphur and nitrogen; they can produce all the gases given above. Natural silk is much worse than rayon or artificial silk. The former contains nitrogen and so can produce the deadly nitrous fumes and prussic acid, whereas the other is merely cellulose like paper or wood or cotton, which burns with very little production of toxic material.

It will be news to most people that sulphuretted hydrogen, 'the smell of rotten eggs', is specifically more lethal than prussic acid, but experimental work had established that point many years ago. It is this gas which is so poisonous in drains. It has the merit of being so unpleasant when breathed even in small quantity that the breather immediately makes for fresh air, when he can, and so escapes being poisoned. Prussic acid is really bad because it gets you almost without warning. There is one small academic point about prussic acid which I think has never been printed before. Chemists give it the formula HCN; the molecule of the gas contains an atom of carbon between atoms of hydrogen and nitrogen. It is now known, however, that it is only part of the molecule—the CN part of it—which is deadly, and it is known that on the carbon atom of this pair of atoms there sits a negative electric charge. It is a very rare thing for a negative electric charge to sit on a carbon atom in a chemical compound. It does so in cyanides, in carbon monoxide, in the explosive fulminic acid and a few other rare compounds. All of these are excessively poisonous and it is very tempting therefore to imagine that when carbon has a negative charge upon it it is deadly, whereas when it is without this charge, as it is in butter and bread and sugar and cheese, it is the reverse of deadly. Curious that the putting of an electric charge on to a carbon atom in a molecule can change it from the staff of life to the precursor of death!

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I extract the following from an excellent book of essays\* which describes recent research work done in Cambridge in the various sciences, mathematics, philosophy, history, the classics and English literature. It shows a keenness about experimental work which is as characteristic as it is refreshing. It was written at the end of last year.

I fear my essay is not yet completed. The reason is that a week or two ago I invented a new form of respirator for use at high altitudes, and the forthcoming Everest expedition is extremely anxious to use it. As they are sailing in January, I felt justified in putting work for them ahead of all other work, particularly as the respirator promises to make a great difference to this expedition. I have now got the respirator to a state ready for commercial production in quantities to their needs to be started at once. This week, however, I have undertaken to test the respirator under Mount Everest conditions and am going to spend three or four days in a gas-tight chamber and have the oxygen pressure reduced to that obtaining near the top of Everest; I may take the essay with me in my incarceration, but rather doubt if I shall get much done as one's mind is very seriously affected by the oxygen lack; and most of my time will be occupied in experimental procedures.

A. S. RUSSELL

Why are people frequently killed in fires when no heat or flame could possibly have reached them? What is it, in other words, that gasses them? So far as I know there has never been a definite answer to these questions until an investigation

\*Cambridge University Studies, 1933. Edited by Harold Wright, Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.



*God and the World Through Christian Eyes—XIII**Man and Materialism*

By the Very Rev. R. O. P. TAYLOR

*The twelve previous talks in this series dealt, first, with the transcendent qualities of God, second, with God as revealed in Jesus Christ; we now come to a consideration of the progressive revelation of God to man, and man's relationship to the world around him*

IF there is one thing more than another of which the average Englishman is certain, it is the reality of the world in which he lives. A brick wall is a fact which you can see for yourself. And if you do not see it, you will crash into it and feel it. That appears to us to be plain commonsense. Even a child knows the difference between a solid wall and the 'pretending' walls of a house imagined in play. The earth under our feet, to our mind is utterly different in nature from the world of imagination and dreams. We all take this for granted, but it is not the universal opinion of mankind. There are enormous numbers of intelligent people who believe that the whole Universe and our very bodies are only a dream at the best. No one, so far as I know, has counted heads, but I fancy that we who believe the world to be real are in a minority. How, then, does it come about that we believe it so implicitly? In my opinion the answer is that it is because of a peculiar feature of the Christian religion, which has been so thoroughly taught to us that it has become ingrained in our minds. Christianity (with, of course, its near relations, Judaism and Muhammadanism) stands alone in proclaiming that the world was created by God, *i.e.*, that it is real and that it is good. The Church did not find it easy to get this doctrine accepted. She had great trouble, within her own borders, with teachers who said that the world was unreal and worthless. She had still greater and more lasting difficulties with men who taught that Matter was essentially evil. Indeed, fragments of this belief still survive among us. Drink and drugs, for example, are blamed for the moral destruction wrought by their means. The human body is accused of compelling men to sexual licence. This is mere camouflage. We know perfectly well that the fault is not in the things, but in the people who misuse them.

**Mind as the Slave of Matter—**

The whole of mankind has profited, and profited greatly, by the Christian belief in the value and importance of the material world. The very existence of science is due to this belief. The enormous increase of health and well-being, which has resulted in the patient and respectful study of material things, has already become so valuable an achievement, that we cannot but think that Christianity is right on this point. At the same time, it is just out of this justified belief that materialism arises, the peculiar danger of Christianity. For by its very insistence on the reality and worthiness of the things which we handle, Christianity creates the risk that men may become absorbed in them. The result may easily be a kind of absence of mind, in which the higher life is first ignored and then forgotten.

In the period which has just closed, there was much to encourage this crowding out of thought, art and religion. The great increase in the quantity and variety of manufactures caused multitudes of men to be so absorbed in the production of machinery and wares, that they could think of nothing else. This brought its own nemesis. For it reduced life, for most people in our towns at least, to such incessant toil, that it brought a revolt against an existence entirely made up of labour and exhaustion—a revolt of which we cannot foresee the end.

Again, the clash of creeds in religion and politics was contrasted with the simplicity and stability of material possessions. As against the contradictory and elusive paradises of preachers and politicians, wood and stone, food and furniture seemed so solid, so tangible and so plainly satisfactory, that men turned to them with relief. But this consolation has failed. The pattern householder of my youth, who spent his leisure in the placid contemplation of his well-appointed home, has disappeared. His satisfactions do not avail us. The human spirit has again begun to ache for art—and art is part of the life of the spirit. It has, consequently and suddenly, developed an immense hunger for music and the drama, two things which were rejected by the sturdy materialism of our fathers; because they did not cater for the needs of the body.

**—And Matter as the Tool of Life**

Meanwhile, another danger to materialism is appearing on the horizon. Science has begun to upset the plain man's simple belief in matter. It turns out that the objects which look so solid are nothing of the kind. The largest, heaviest and most immovable rock is little, if anything, more than a whirling sea of electricity—and what electricity is or how it comes to be, no man knows. Matter is found to be a perplexing riddle, on which the mind cannot rest, much less go to sleep.

But this is only beginning to take effect, and I want to confine myself to the present situation. Although the difficulty of

understanding the material world may increase rapidly, so does our power of handling it, and our interest in it. So there is just as great a need as ever to decide on the position which it shall occupy in our estimation. What is the relation of matter to spirit? Have the mind and spirit a reality of their own, or are they merely a kind of phosphorescence on the face of matter? Science has had to go into the question to a considerable extent, and its conclusions justify the Christian belief on the point. Matter—what we call inanimate matter—on close and sustained observation, is found to have at least one marked peculiarity which puts it in a class by itself. It acts with perfect regularity. It always conforms to certain rigid rules. But just because it is so dependable, and can be relied on to behave always in the same ways, it affords a suitable field for life to move and hunt in. Here comes in the marked difference. Matter does not hunt; life does and must. Matter goes where it is sent; life directs itself towards a chosen object. A ray of light is unaware of its surroundings, while life is aware of them—and so on. Thus, we get a clear distinction between the world of matter and the world of life, which uses matter as its basis, its dwelling-place and its tool. Then in a most complicated and flexible animal organism, there occurs that peculiar, resourceful and, above all, masterful thing which we call mind. Each mind finds its kingdom in a living body, *i.e.*, a portion of matter which is selected, organised and made efficient by animal life. So far as ever our experience goes, a mind must have an organised body, senses to perceive with, and muscles to work with if it is to develop and act, just as animal life must have a constant supply of matter with which to build its body and stoke its fires. Yet a living body is something more than the dust which composes it, and a thinker is something more than an animal body. These three—matter, life, and mind—are called by scientists 'irreducibles' because none of them can be reduced to simpler components or elements. The differences between them are so complete that we cannot imagine any one of them growing into another, or producing another. The contrasts are too violent. No dog, however intelligent, shows that desire to know for the sake of knowing which is characteristic of man. Nor has any monkey, however great its opportunities of observing and copying men, ever shown any aptitude for drawing or music.

**The Mind Has Its Own Freedom**

As a matter of fact, a great deal of research has been carried out with the avowed object of proving that our actions, thought and speech are produced in a mechanical way—that, in fact, the brain and nervous system form a kind of automatic machine. These researchers have succeeded in proving that many of the movements of our bodies are only automatic replies to interference. But they have failed to prove their main point. It remains clear that the mind has its own freedom. Still, we owe something to these studies. They have made us see, more clearly than ever, how the body, with its tendency to form fixed habits, can cramp and fetter the working of the mind. Only by incessant vigilance can the mind preserve that mastery which is necessary for its liberty of action. Only by preserving and exercising its freedom can the mind prevent the brain from settling down into routines, which not only supersede thought, but also preclude the very possibility of that changing of the mind which forms so prominent a feature of the Christian religion—for, of course, repentance means a change of mind, and nothing less. Indeed the same truth applies to animal life itself. For it, too, only prospers when it dominates its environment and is master of its situation. Life degenerates when overcome by material circumstances. Live fish swim against the stream, but the sickly are carried away.

These considerations have an important bearing on both our conduct and belief, since they make it evident that matter is to be put in the third and subordinate place, not in the first and chief. This is further borne out by the findings of evolution. Matter itself cannot evolve, in the strict sense of the word. It is below the plane of evolution. It merely changes, and, so far as we can ascertain, whenever it changes, it lowers, and indeed to a certain extent loses its energies. The energy of matter did not work itself up into the energy of life. On the contrary, it was in a corner of the Universe in which matter had, so to speak, grown tired, on a globe which no longer gave light or heat, that life appeared. Matter had to quieten down, before life could get a chance. And when life appeared, it was not as the natural product of matter. Indeed, one obvious feature of life is that it takes the opposite course to matter. For while the forces of Nature have been steadily running down, the energies of life are con-



tinually increasing. If an atom were to divide into two, each would have about half the energy of the parent atom, and some little energy would, probably, be lost. But an animal produces a brood, so that there are a number of lives, each as vigorous as the parent, which still retains its own life undiminished. Thus the amount of life increases. Besides, life deliberately takes matter in hand, and adapts it to its own purposes. Life really evolves; it creates higher and higher forms for its own ends, and organises matter into forms which would never have come of themselves. Finally, as the last great step in evolution, mind emerges, the latest and highest of the elements which constitute man. Mind turns animal life to new purposes, and opens up a new world of its own. Mind is the crown of evolution. Mind and mind only is capable of knowing that there is any such process as evolution and of exchanging the gropings of animal evolution for reasoned and deliberate schemes of progress. Anyone, therefore, who makes material things the sole object of his mind and life, is reversing the process of evolution and travelling down its ladder.

### Partnership of Body and Spirit

We can distinguish, quite clearly, between matter, life and mind. But it must always be remembered that we have no experience of any one of them separately. Whenever a man is thinking, he is using his brain, which is a piece of matter, moved by animal life. He cannot express his thoughts except by means of his body—he must speak or act with his body. He can only get to know what is in the minds of other men through the movements of their bodies, and can only observe these through the eyes and ears of his own body. This continuous and never-ceasing partnership of body and spirit vetoes any demand that the spirit should act by itself when engaged in religion, and forbids any assertion that the spirit cannot or should not be affected by physical means—which demand and assertion are, or used to be, made by the advocates of what they called a 'purely spiritual religion'. As a matter of fact, these people contradicted their own creed by making great use of their own mouths and other people's ears, which were certainly material things. But there can really be no doubt about the facts. Body and spirit are continually re-acting on one another for good or ill, whether they are looking towards God or man. No ministry can afford to neglect externals. A harsh voice and a forbidding countenance will frustrate the kindest intentions, and will, indeed, react on the speaker himself, hardening his own heart. Indeed, the greatest danger of materialism in religion lies here. It is unfortunately true that a man may reject materialism as a creed, and yet, unconsciously, rely on it as a motive force. There is always a danger of the body's masquerading as the mind. A man may easily mistake a bilious attack for a conviction of sin—especially other people's sin. It is all too possible to look on the physical excitement of singing as religious fervour, and to drown the still, small voice with loud noises.

To turn in another direction. There is a great deal of truth in the contention that you can help men towards a fuller mental and spiritual life, by improving their physical conditions. On the one hand, I have known town areas in which there was little or no destitution, where the minds and hearts of men, women and children were hardened and embittered simply through lack of sunshine and fresh air, and a consequent inability to savour fresh and healthy food. On the other hand—let me take the opportunity of praising the little-known but magnificent work which has been done by the District Nurses. I saw the beginning of that work long ago in an industrial district, and can gauge the immense improvement which it brought about, not only in the health of the people, but also in their courage and self-respect. I know, also, from experience, that a man's spirit can be so aroused by other means that he will turn against bad conditions and overcome them, or even break his way out of them. I have seen a religious woman, poor to the last degree, make an oasis of cleanliness in the midst of a slum.

The fact of the close partnership of body and mind is the more evidently congenial to the Christian religion, the further it is considered. For if, as all experience shows, the mind finds its expression in a body, and each mind has to fashion its own body, by training and education, if it is going to express itself so as to be understood by others, then the belief that God adopted the same method—the very method which He had made necessary to man—in order to express Himself to man, is not a strange and unworthy fancy, but rather what one might naturally expect.

Again, the more fully we investigate the Universe, the more intelligible does it appear. Not only so, but new lines of discovery can be reasoned out before the facts have been observed. The Universe is so systematic and rational that it cannot be the product of chance, but must have been conceived by a Mind. We must view the Universe as the expression of a Thinker, and, moreover, as a means by which He acts on us. For our lives are, undoubtedly, shaped to a very great extent by the world which we inhabit. The perception of this, combined with the close relation of body and spirit, is one of the causes which have made English religion become so much more sacramental of late years. This movement has probably owed much of its welcome to that perception of God in the beauty of natural scenery, which Wordsworth did so much to foster,

and which exercises a far deeper influence on the British mind than seems to be generally realised. We have learnt that matter can convey more than itself and become the vehicle of the Peace of God.

But it may easily be turned other ways. Neglect or maltreatment of the body cripples the mind and distorts the spirit. On the other hand, as I have said, it is possible so to concentrate one's attention on the body as to reduce the mind and spirit to a state of stupor. We all know the kind of person who spends his time keeping fit—and is fit for nothing but keeping himself fit. As a thinking person, he has died a quiet death. Being inoffensive to the senses, he causes no disgust. But to any onlooker who is really alive, he is a tragedy; and he is apt to become a tragedy to himself in his old age.

### The Pursuit of Distraction

More obviously disastrous are the results of substituting physical thrills for the activities of the mind and the emotions of the spirit. Cocktails are a fatal substitute for the romance and enthusiasm of youth. And though the fraction of the nation which indulges in the pursuit of cocktails is small, yet it is significant. There are far too many attempts to obtain the physical sensations of love and heroism without being really loving or heroic. Novels and the cinema, not to mention the football field, are all very well in their way and place. Everyone needs a certain amount of distraction from the cares of life. But it is as unsatisfactory to live for distraction as it is to live for the possession of goods. As the following of these two purposes is the form in which materialism chiefly exhibits itself, I will end by saying a little about them. The danger in both cases is that, attending exclusively to the surface of life, we neglect to exert either supervision or control over those deeper forces and motives which are so strangely mixed and so powerful to enrich or ruin the whole of life.

As things are and seem likely to be, the hope of finding satisfaction in material possessions needs but little criticism. We have seen the world's wealth melt like a cloud. And the mere retention of such things as we own is such a source of anxiety that there is no comfort in it. Besides, anyone who has a fairly wide knowledge of human life knows that a rich household may as easily be full of wretchedness as a poor one. The only possession in this world—outside of the treasures of the mind—which can give satisfaction is friendship. The capacity for making friends does not depend on wealth or even on common interests, but on that condition of love and self-sacrifice, to create and keep which a man must purge and guard the very depths of his being. Once a man gives real attention to the working of his mind and heart he becomes aware of the movement of powerful forces, both good and evil, which demand his close and continuous attention, since all depends on whether he is swayed by noble or sinister impulses. If he is moved by the latter, he will blight all around him, and his very food and drink will lose their savour. No one who has caught sight of these facts will make the pursuit of distractions his main object. But, since so many distractions are provided nowadays, it is not to be wondered at that so many characters are shaped by chance, instead of being moulded by the choice of their owners.

To point the moral, let me recur to the progress of science. Science began by taking the world at its face value. It has had to set appearances aside and to give its real appreciation to a hidden world of force. It was urged to disregard the question of causes, but could not, and, consequently, it has traced the first steps of that sequence of cause behind cause which must, in the long run, lead up to a First and Intelligent Cause—a God in fact. On the material side, science has enriched the world enormously, supplying us with conveniences and luxuries which have made life easier and fuller. But it has done this by the way and almost accidentally. We owe all these practical advantages to men who were notoriously unpractical. It is because scientific men were seeking the satisfaction of their minds, and therefore allowed them to be carried on to the consideration of things unseen, that they discovered those forces and laws of which the practical man has availed himself. Had scientists been content to believe that things are as they appear, or had their object been to make money, modern science would never have been born, and its results would have been lacking. And it is surely significant that the scientific invention which has most completely captured the imagination of the world is that which we are using at this moment, the wireless, which, though it does not disdain the service of industry and commerce, has made itself a minister, on an unprecedented scale, to men's minds and spirits, in music, in literature, in art, and in religion itself.

Professor V. H. Mottram has collaborated with the original author, Dr. Robert Hutchison, to produce the seventh edition of that standard work, *Food and the Principles of Dietetics* (Arnold, 21s.). The whole book has undergone revision, and the first three chapters have been practically entirely rewritten by Professor Mottram. Every conceivable aspect of food in its relation to nutrition and health is dealt with, special chapters being devoted to alcohol, dietetic systems, and artificial foods and feeding.



Art

# Charles Rennie Mackintosh

By Professor ALLAN D. MAINDS

*It is interesting to compare the work of this pioneer of the modern movement in architecture, as shown in this article, with the examples of the best contemporary work, in this country and on the Continent, which are frequently illustrated in our pages*

CHARLES RENNIE MACKINTOSH, born at Glasgow in 1869 and trained in the Glasgow School of Art, winning the 'Greek' Thomson travelling studentship and the Soane gold medal, at the age of twenty-five had equipped himself with the tools of his craft, making it possible for him, while a draftsman in the office of Messrs. Honeyman and Keppie, to submit the successful design for the new School of Art which stands as a monument to his vision and genius on Garnethill, Glasgow. To those of us who had the privilege of watching this building grow from its foundations, and who have since seen the development — on the Continent and in these islands — of the new order of architecture; to those of us who worked within its walls as students, and later as members of staff, the Glasgow School of Art is a landmark in the history of architecture, and Mackintosh is recognised as a pioneer. That his work has been misunderstood by many and derided by not a few is not to be wondered at; had it been universally understood and accepted at its inception it would not have been worthy to take its place in the new world order that it foreshadowed.

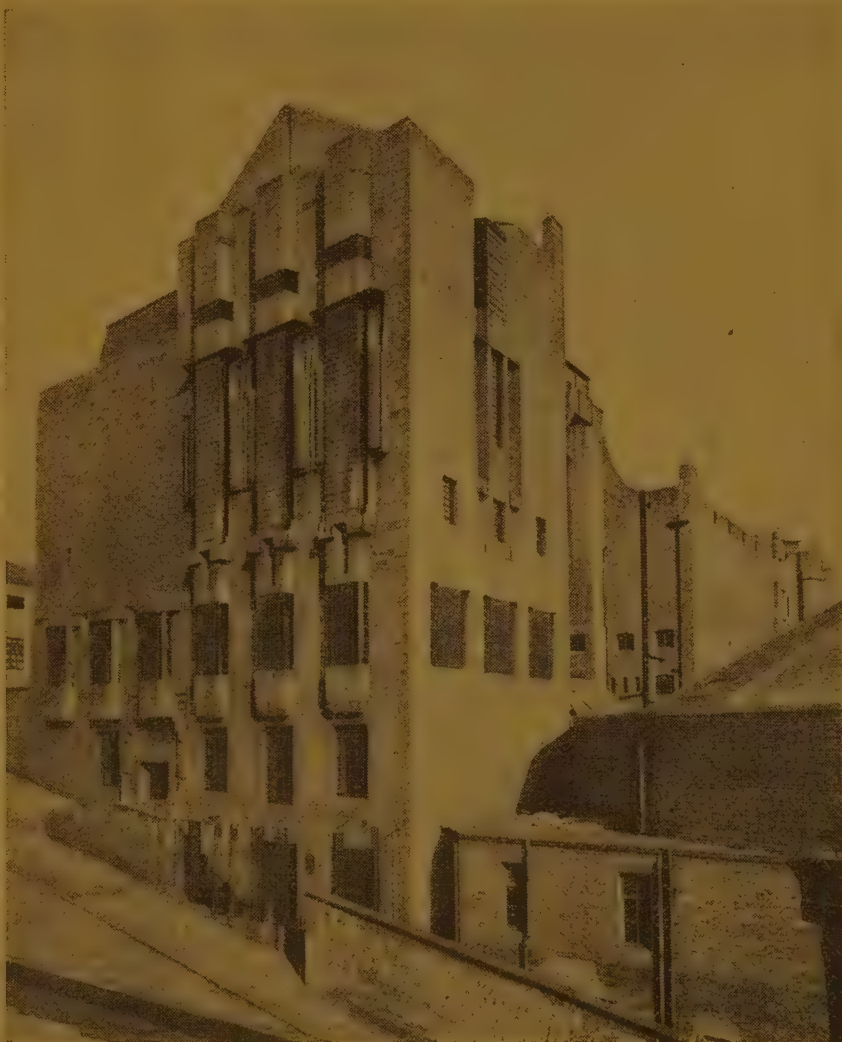
There were men and women of vision in Glasgow and on the Continent who championed the cause of Mackintosh and the group of workers he led, and of these Fra. H. Newbery, the then Director of the Glasgow School of Art, was outstanding; a man of virility, force, and understanding, he saw to it that Mackintosh was not hindered in his work.

In order to grasp the significance of the work of Mackintosh and the Glasgow artists who worked with him, in order to understand his position as one of the founders of the modern style, it would be necessary to review the situation from the time when William Morris undertook the reformation of the domestic arts in the teeth of violent opposition from his contemporaries. Here it must suffice to indicate briefly in what way the Scottish and Continental movement differed from the English school in general principles, and attempt to show that today it is towards Glasgow and the Continent rather than to England that one must look for the first indication of the new order of architecture which is sweeping over the world and changing the character of our homes and our cities.

William Morris, 'Standing between two worlds, one dead, The other powerless to be born,' his mind inspired by mediævalism, gathered around him a group of workers—essentially the children of the Gothic revival, followers of Ruskin and Pugin—dominated by the idea of fighting against the influences of cheap commercialism and the standardised 'patterns' of the machine. Morris and his group—which included Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Philip Webb, Norman Shaw and others

—did much to destroy the vulgar ostentation which prevailed in the 'fifties and 'sixties by reviving purity of colour, simplicity of form and surface decoration. The influence of Morris reached the Continent and for a time dominated the whole tendency of European decoration and craftsmanship.

A younger school of thought was, however, manifesting itself in Scotland and the Continent, which was destined ultimately to triumph over the English school. At the first International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art held in 1902 at Turin, where the policy was to accept 'only original work showing a decided effort at renovation of form and to exclude every reproduction of historic styles', Mackintosh and his group were triumphant. This exhibition was an event of exceptional importance in and for the history of art. There were shown represent-



The Glasgow School of Art, designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh in 1894

Photograph: Anman, Glasgow

ative examples of the best that had been done in decorative and industrial art in the various states of Europe and America during the period, roughly, from 1890 to 1900. The Scottish section was referred to as 'brilliant in its young strength' and Mackintosh, who was already well known on the Continent, was hailed as a pioneer. Planned as an architectural unity, under Mackintosh's supervision, rather than as a collection of unrelated works, the Scottish contribution was unique.

In 1902 Alexander Koch of Darmstadt published a portfolio containing a complete set of plans, elevations, and schemes of interior decoration for the House of an Art Lover. The preface, written by Hermann Muthesius, deals at length with Mackintosh's *Art Principles* as revealed in these designs. Muthesius says:

Ornament, on which during the Morris period the chief attention of the representatives of the new art had been directed,



IDEEN-WEITBEWIRB FÜR EIN HERRSCHAFTLICHES WOHNHAUS EINES KUNST-FREUNDES II

5



Design for the House of an Art-lover

*From the portfolio of Mackintosh's drawings published by Alexander Koch, Darmstadt*

now receded into the background, consideration of the general impression coming to the foreground. The room began to be a work of art in itself, not the result of single artistically-worked pieces joined together.

Mackintosh's genius for making a complete ensemble was afforded ample scope in the carrying out of the music room at the Villa Wernsdorfer, Vienna, commissioned in 1900 by Herr Fritz Wernsdorfer; in the series of tea-rooms which he designed for Miss Cranston at Glasgow, and in his domestic work.

It is important to remember that Mackintosh found nothing

to hand that would fit into his conception of form, he had to create everything that went into his buildings; so we find him designing furniture, fittings, fabrics, glass, china and silver; making new use of steel and iron, pewter and lead, designing and fashioning and shaping always in accordance with his conception of architectural relation, which was the outcome of his early training and his inherent passion for order.

He was dominated, not by his material—he dominated his material—but by the will to form. He has been accused of torturing his materials

into shapes illogical and irrational, and in some instances perhaps that accusation is justified, but today, when materials are available which make his conception of form logical and rational, we see in him a pioneer of the new architectural order.

It has been said that the tragedy of science is the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact. Many of Mackintosh's beautiful hypotheses have now been justified by science. That his roofs sometimes leaked, I, alas! know only too well from experience. I know of one honest craftsman who refused to

carry out some of his designs for chairs, declaring that 'God never meant good wood to be tortured into such shapes'.

The purist may find himself in disagreement with much of Mackintosh's work. The problem as to the extent to which the artist must accept the limitations of material conditions and modify his will-to-form in accordance with these limitations is too big a problem to enter into here. It must suffice to say that in Mackintosh's conception of the fundamental principles of architectural design—unity, punctuation, proportion, inflection—used in conjunction with his inherent sensibility to geometric relation,



Fireplace in a living room, designed by Mackintosh

*Photograph: Annan, Glasgow*





Silver spoons and forks designed by Mackintosh—the property of Fra H. Newbery, Esq.

Photograph: Annan, Glasgow

are to be found the foundations of the modernistic movement in architecture, foundations which he helped to confirm, and which are at the root of all great architecture, belonging neither to time nor place.

The last phase of Mackintosh's work—some think, perhaps with justification, the greatest phase—came when he devoted himself to landscape and to the drawing of flowers. Few men have brought to landscape a more keenly attuned mind or a perception more fitly trained to interpret the structural form of rocks and mountains or the architecture of flowers. Here his drawings reveal a profound understanding of form and structure. To the Oriental artist the nexus with underlying prin-

ciples in nature comes through contemplation, to the Occidental it comes by way of scientific analysis. The Oriental philosophy of art and the Occidental philosophy of art offer different approaches to the same problems, the results when they reach a high level of achievement have much in common. The ultimate values are yielded only to those who seek unceasingly. Mackintosh in his later work, and perhaps more especially in his drawings of flowers, has much in common with the artists of Sung and Tang. The fact that he was able to find, in the drawing of a daisy, contact with the profound and the eternal, relates him to the great minds of all time.

To those who knew Charles Rennie Mackintosh and remember his work as it left his hands, the recent exhibition in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, must be considered as far from worthy of the man, and inadequate as a memorial of his genius. To those who have not these memories of first hand contacts this exhibition offered little indication of the genius of the man, for it was surely his sensibility to relation which constituted his genius. Plans and elevations, photographs, a few chairs and tables arranged in unsympathetic surroundings are poor substitutes for the spirit of a house or the soul of an architectural entity. There is, however, in Glasgow, a work which is worthily representative of the man, and this has been preserved from desecration by loving and sympathetic hands. Mackintosh's own house in Ann Street, where he and his wife realised their ideals perhaps more fully than anywhere else, is essentially a house for artists to live in, it is essentially a home. Unlike his tea-rooms, which were places of passage, fantastic, and rightly so, this house is a place for quiet retreat and rest from the world of affairs. A house of this character cannot be designed on paper, it grows out of the mind and is fashioned by the hands gradually, time goes to its maturing, its portals open into one world and shut out another.

## Enterprising Holidays

# The Last Tramp

By REYNOLD BRAY

ONE Saturday night a few weeks ago, at seven in the evening, I was in Keswick, alone, with a sleeping bag and a spare vest on my back, and seventeen shillings in one pocket, and a map of the whole of Scotland in the other. It rained while I walked north, out of the town, along the Carlisle road. Three hundred miles away in the south I had left all kinds of important duties and obligations, and things half begun, and promises unfulfilled. In fact, my heart was comparatively light with the memory of everything I had escaped from, so unjustifiably—just the right background for a holiday. I wanted to get up to the north of Scotland as quickly as possible, walking and cadging lifts, so that I could have a week amongst the mountains in Ross, between Loch Torridon and Loch Broom, the wildest and queerest corner of Scotland.

A lorry lifted me most of the way to Carlisle, and before midnight I was out on the road to Glasgow, which was a hundred miles away, but I hoped to get lifted well on my way tonight. Forlorn hope! So I had to walk nearly to Gretna Green, and sleep in a wet field by the side of the road.

Next day, Sunday, was very hot; nothing doing with cars. Early in the afternoon I was hailed by a tramp, curled up half asleep near a stream. He told me not to bother him at present, but I could have all I wanted of his food. So I did, and soon fell asleep too. We woke up together. He said he was better. He had spent all his money, £2, in a pub at Gretna. He had fallen down stairs, and cut his hands and face, and given money away to anybody he had met, and mixed all the drink in the pub. It had been grand. He laughed at his follies. Whatever he had, he spent—magnificently; a pity possibly, but there wasn't anything to do about it, was there? Now, he was wandering round farms, thinning turnips. He could have had a place of his own, with a brother-in-law, somewhere in Kirkcaldy, but he didn't know how to stay still. He offered to teach me the turnip job, but I wanted to get on north. So he advised me to go up to the gooseberry picking, where I'd be able to get a wife, if I liked. He'd walked all over England in his time, but the South of Scotland was the best place, and Lockerbie the very best town of all. We separated at Ecclefechan. He showed me a tombstone in the churchyard by the edge of the road. 'That was a rare crabbed old man', he said; 'never one of us liked him. It was one of those Germans. He made a big name there'—as if he was an acquaintance. It was Thomas Carlyle.

That evening, I gave up hope of reaching the hills before night. The road was hard, and the little fields and woods passed

slowly. Then an enormous car, just one of dozens, whizzed past, and, incredibly, squealed to a stop just in front of me. I squealed with joy, too, and ran up and in. Now, all the way to the Clyde, we weren't once below fifty miles an hour. I got over the ferry that night, and I walked out to Dumbarton in a drizzle. So I came to the Highlands at last, and spent an unromantic night in a fir plantation by the road, half in a bed of nettles.

Then on past Loch Lomond. The heat was scorching. 'Luminous all Glen Fruin lay, and sky was silent as an unstruck bell', somebody once wrote. But the beauty of Loch Lomond is not very real. It is just right for the holiday pleasure that Glasgow—and no blame on her—needs. But for idlers like myself Loch Lomond is very pretty, and very dull. Late at night I reached the new road over Glencoe, a horrible road for walkers, because you can see, again and again, round spurs of the hills, stretches of the road miles away, where you may, with luck, be in an hour. Three cars passed. None stopped.

Walking alone amongst mountains, when the sun has dropped below the tops, and the valley is dark, while the ridge opposite is still lit, I get depressed very easily. Until you have been away some time you are in the very odd state, when your mind is balanced far more precariously than ever it is at home: when you are no longer under the least influence of people, so that, say, the coming or passing of a gleam of sun, or a cloud shadow on the hills, or a bird calling, or even a bend of the road, will throw you about amongst heights and depths of gloom and happiness, which you would never dream in your workaday, dull, crowded homes. Needless to say, the comfortable man bounding the road in his car knows nothing of this. He sees a dusty, horrid hiker in front for a moment, then out of his eye's corner, hugging the path at his side, and then he is over the ridge, round the corner, half across the valley beyond. Two years ago he might have stopped. Now, he is bandit-conscious. Add up the number of people who really have been attacked by bandits, and think again when you pass a tramp walking, on a hot day, along a lonely road.

I slept by a loch on the moor. I was woken, in blazing sun, by grunts and oaths. Twenty yards away was an old man, bearded and whiskered, struggling with a cow which was half buried in a bog. I went to help. We stopped two cars. In the end seven of us got her out.

It grew hotter than ever. At the first lakelet I cast my clothes and swam out to an island where I lay in a glorious crescent bay, hidden from the road—bracken and soft grass, a mountain ash





Loch Torridon and Liathach

*Photograph: Robert M. Adam, Edinburgh*

hung white, scented flowers over the water. Three gulls sat noisily on three rocks. Beyond the water were the backs of the Glencoe mountains. Occasionally, a cloud of dust clattered up the road behind. Only bees and gulls sang on my island, and I was king, but a very lazy one, who slept too long. I had still thirty miles to go to Fort William. A lorry refused me, and I was still cursing, when an open car, full of people, stopped for me. 'Where do you go?'—'West Coast'. 'We will take you to King William's Fort'. And they did, though the car was crowded with a Belgian, two Poles and an Englishman.

Another hot, dusty road day, broken by swims in rivers and little upland lochs. There were no clouds in the sky, the air was full of the scent of bracken. A raven flies over and tadpoles suck at my toes; a fish jumps, so happy that he leaves the water altogether, somersaults, glistening bubbles in the air. Two women, in a nearly empty car, toss me an apple, but do not offer me a seat. Two more give me tea.

Now I am lying for the night, high above Loch Duich, and a thin grey cooling haze has come out of the hills. The mud, far below, is full of birds. I am watching a heron on a stone in the sea, attacked savagely by a pair of gulls. Each time they swoop the big heron ducks, coils his long neck, then, as they circle away, up he shoots, thrusting his yellow beak mock dagger brave. After half an hour he has had enough and flops away out of sight behind the church. I spent a night of unreasonable dreams: oranges and railways in Ireland. Odd how one seems to split up tired and alone in hills. It was hard to remember that I was alone that night. I knew, sleepily, how hot I was, and how troublesome the midges. And one part of me started talking to the other, told him to take the green waterproof cover off my sleeping bag and put it over my head. But it gave the queerest reasons, some very subtle relation between green and cool, very complex and scientific. And it persuaded myself to obey. All night long, when I was awake we kept up the most interesting conversations and arguments. This is one of the best results of any holiday that I should call enterprising. Of course, you must be alone.

The other great secret of this holiday, and of most other things, that are worth while, is that it is all directed towards a perfectly definite, although rather vague and mysterious, end. You can go off—say by train—perhaps even to the mountains where I am going, and it will rain, or the clouds will be low on the hills; and even if it is fine An Teallach won't be nearly as grand as I would have promised you. But I don't mind. I'm walking up to them still and every blister makes me want to get there more quickly. Probably I shall be disappointed in some way when I have done. But lots of little climaxes will have turned up on the way, like the false summits of most mountains, and afterwards I shall realise that *they* were the point of the whole thing, and forget altogether what I set out first to do.

The next day it began to rain at Loch Duich. I woke up with the hills hidden and no sign of the marvellous view of the Cuillins over Loch Alsh. And it was raining still, the West Coast

looking its proper self, and the sun put out for good, twelve miles further, at Strone Ferry.

I shall not tell you what I did during the next four days. Walk yourself, as I said before, from Torridon to Dundonnell and you will be surprised. But I will tell you that I met one of the loveliest men in the world somewhere here—a stalker in one of the big forests. He asked me not to tell anyone how kind he had been. His master had told him never to show any hospitality to anybody. 'But, of course, I can't refuse anyone and you do no harm to the sport. The old man's been told quite wrong'. That implies a great deal. I hate every owner of deer forests and grouse moors, new rich or old, everyone is as bad as any of the others. The sooner the Cairngorms and this part of the West Coast is confiscated from them the better—it would be nice if some disease could kill all the deer, uninteresting animals, which do great harm to the young trees, and produce inferior meat, but around whom a stupid 'Monarch of the Glen' romance has grown. I also hate golfers—golfers who have despoiled every most beautiful inch of the East Highland coast. Only fishermen appear to be harmless sportsmen.

One night I slept amongst the rocks, right under the final precipices of An Teallach, the grandest mountain on the Scottish mainland. I intended to climb it very early next morning, and I woke up to a downpour—scarcely a glimpse of the black crags or red scree, clouds rolling past, around and above and below. I ate nearly a whole pot of marmalade and some sodden bread, then I hurled the rest of my food, tins and two hard boiled eggs, and a pot of meat over the cliff, and hurried down, five miles, to Dundonnell. The weather was too much for me.

That afternoon I reached the East Coast by the mail-car—fine weather and Inverness, where I borrowed thirty shillings from a charming old antique dealer. Remember the stories about Aberdonians, and wonder how you would do the same in the South of England. But now I am finishing this all in a park in Edinburgh, and I have been ticked off twice by an official for improperly using the public benches, for lying with my feet up on them. So now I am on the public grass. I spent last night in a ninepenny lodging house in the Grassmarket and I'm dirty, skin off my nose and arms all peeling, shoes worn out, coat very badly torn. I must get to Liverpool somehow in the next few days with about 5s.

A postscript. I got to Glasgow: and to Greenock, a week ago yesterday, with one and fivepence. I sat all the afternoon, rather disconsolately, on the quay, where hundreds of dockers sit all day, every day, for years, where they have been sitting, lots of them, ever since the War. In the end they made a collection for me. Six shillings in pennies. And next day they saw I got on a coastal boat for Liverpool. I thought I should have to hide as best I could, but an enormous stevedore persuaded the captain to take me.



## Out of Doors

## The Pig Referendum

By LORD LINLITHGOW

THERE is shortly to be a sort of General Election on pigs and another on bacon—an election in which the voters are to be the bacon-pig producers and the bacon curers of Great Britain. As most of you are aware, marketing schemes for pigs and bacon have recently been approved by both Houses of Parliament and came legally into force two weeks ago. The law now requires these schemes to enter a state of suspended animation for a limited period in order to give farmers and curers an opportunity to register and decide by poll whether they want them or not.

Accordingly, producers must fill in registration forms which have already been sent to them and return them to the Marketing Boards not later than July 22. They will then be sent a ballot paper on which they will be asked to state whether they are or are not in favour of the schemes. The closing date for voting is August 5, but those concerned should not wait until the last minute. This election is a very big job, and it is probable that some of the pig producers have received more than one form of registration. In a circulation list of more than 220,000 names, some duplications are unavoidable if only because some farmers are in the occupation of more than one farm. Producers should, however, only fill up one form, stating the total number of pigs in their possession, and return it to the Pigs Marketing Board in the envelope enclosed with the papers. There is no need to put a stamp upon it as postage will be paid by the Board. The voting papers will be sent out to registered producers during the week commencing July 31.

The schemes have already been the subject of a talk broadcast by the Minister of Agriculture\*. May I now tell you how they strike me?

I think I can claim to have some qualification to speak on this matter. I have long been deeply interested in the possibilities of developing the bacon industry. Exactly ten years ago this month, a Government Committee, of which I was chairman, produced a report on the marketing problems of meat which was the first to bring to public notice the special difficulties of the pig and bacon industries. Two years later, the National Farmers' Union of England asked me to preside over a Committee which it had set up to look into the position of the co-operative bacon factories in this country, some of which had got into a rather sorry state. Subsequently, in other capacities, I have had to give further study to the vast and intricate subject of agricultural marketing. So I do appreciate the difficulties.

First of all, not only are the schemes so much bigger and bolder than anything that has been attempted before, but they approach the problem in a new way. They represent a concerted effort by producers and curers to tackle their joint problems, each, however, remaining responsible for his own job. This is a new application of the co-operative principle—not an attempt by farmers to do the curer's job, but co-operation between farmers and curers to carry through a joint plan. It seems to me that a combined effort of this kind stands a good chance of success.

Another point of the very greatest significance is that the schemes will secure a regular output of pigs for the bacon market. In the past, curers have had to put up with irregular supplies of pigs and have never been able to get enough of the right type. In future, farmers will make forward contracts with the factories, guaranteeing the delivery of a specified number of pigs within stated periods. And these contracts will be binding contracts. They will be enforced. The result will be that the producer will concentrate on turning out pigs for bacon, and those pigs are much more likely to be bred and fed to meet the curers' requirements than has ever been the case in the past. And the curer will know beforehand just how many pigs he is going to get.

All this will be a good thing for the bacon curer. It will give him stability: it will lower his costs and he will be able to build up a regular trade. But what does the farmer get out of it? What is to be his incentive to give up trying to serve both God and Mammon and to specialise, for that is what it amounts to. The Committee on Co-operative Bacon Factories, to which I referred just now, came to the conclusion that some kind of stable

price must be offered to the bacon-pig producer, and I am glad that the Reorganisation Commission, which prepared the first draft of the schemes, reached the same conclusion. Still more am I glad to see that the schemes provide for it. Pig producers are to be paid a guaranteed minimum price to cover reasonable costs of production. That is the essence of the plan. It is a measure of security such as the pig feeder has never had before.

Fundamental to the plan is, of course, the regulation of imports. The Government has promised that imports shall be regulated. In fact, bacon imports have been regulated ever since last November. Forty thousand tons less of foreign bacon were imported in the first five months of this year.

The idea is that the pig industry should expand and that imports should be so regulated as to make room for it. But it can only expand if it markets a first-class product. It is therefore very gratifying to know that, when these schemes come into operation, every pig sold for bacon will be paid for on a quality basis. This is a matter on which we have laid great emphasis in the past and now this much-needed reform is to be brought about. But neither this nor any other reform can be brought in unless the producers so decide. For the first time in history producers have been given the opportunity to legislate on the future of their own industry, to provide for their own industrial self-government. If they want to see their industry expand on the basis of steady and remunerative prices, then they should vote unanimously for the scheme to be put in operation, and so let the General Election on pigs and bacon result in a victory for the new policy.

## Pictorial Photographic Competition

We propose to offer each week during July and August a prize of *Five Guineas* for the best photograph submitted by an amateur. The purpose of the competition is to encourage the pictorial photograph. The winning photograph will be published in *THE LISTENER* in the week in which the prize is announced. The sum of *One Guinea* will be paid for any other competition photograph which may be published in *THE LISTENER*. The Editor reserves the right not to award the prize in any one week if the entries do not reach a high level.

Competitors should note carefully the following conditions:

- (1) The prize of five guineas for the winning photograph, and any sums of one guinea which may be paid for other photographs published, will purchase the first British right of reproducing such photographs within a period of fifteen days.
- (2) Each photograph entered must be accompanied by a form cut from an issue of *THE LISTENER* stating that the photograph is the personal work of the entrant. This form will be published each week throughout the duration of the competition. Any number of photographs can be submitted, but each must be accompanied by an entrance form. (See page iii).
- (3) No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
- (4) Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.
- (5) The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
- (6) Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked '*THE LISTENER* Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Entries should, if possible, reach the office of *THE LISTENER* by the first post on Saturday of each week, as this will enable the entries to be judged in time for the prize-winning photographs to be published in the issue of *THE LISTENER* appearing on the Wednesday week following.

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# Paying the Piper and Calling the Tune

By A. G. STREET

**I**N spite of the fact that a good many people look on farming either as something charming but rather pathetic, or else as a darned nuisance, it happens to be our fourth largest industry both as regards the number of people employed in it and the value in pounds sterling of its annual output. In short, farming is a business, while wandering over our charming countryside can hardly be called a business. Consequently the interests of the farming community and the town visitors to rural England must frequently come into conflict.

The people who visit the countryside for pleasure can be divided into two classes—those who, to put it bluntly, pay for their footing, and those who don't. The first class comprises the people who own or rent land for sporting purposes or in order to play games upon it, while the second class, by far the more numerous, contains all those people who enjoy spending some portion of their leisure in the country. Years ago, in pre-motor-car days the farming industry could get along quite comfortably with both these classes of visitors. The sportsman and games-players were part and parcel of the placid orderly scheme of the countryside, and generally speaking, they recognised the limits of their purchases, and considered the wellbeing of the men and animals on the land they used in pursuit of pleasure. The second class, the non-paying visitors, were for the most part local people, who therefore were connected with the farming of their district in some way or other, and, perhaps what was much more important, had some knowledge of rural manners. Even if they did do occasional damage in their walks, being local people, this was easily and amicably kept within reasonable bounds. The farmer knew them, and a word in season was all that was necessary. In those days most offenders were children, and parental control was infinitely more efficacious than prosecution. Today the position has changed out of all knowledge, and the change is aggravated by the fact that the farmer is 'up against it' financially, and therefore his farming cannot afford to suffer any damage. In addition, this financial stringency does not make for good temper on his part, which certainly does not help matters.

While the position of the visiting sportsmen is unaltered, their number has increased as more and more landowners and farmers have been compelled to let their sporting rights. In many districts, even if the landlord invites his tenants to shoot with him, the majority of them refuse the invitation because they cannot afford to pay for the necessary game certificate or for cartridges, while it is difficult to find an owner-occupier who can afford to shoot over his own land. Still, although he may have some regrets for his own inability to share in their pleasures, with the sportsmen the farmer has little or no quarrel, because, to repeat, these visitors pay for their footing.

It is against the non-paying class of visitor that the farmer has, I think, a just grievance. Their numbers also have increased in recent years, and owing to modern transport facilities they are in the main not local people. They trespass in the countryside on fine evenings, but go to bed in London or some other big town, perhaps a hundred miles away from the scene of their crimes. During the summer, especially at week-ends, the car, the motor-bike, and the charabanc decant ever-increasing hordes of townfolk into the countryside, a large proportion of whom know nothing about rural problems, and seemingly care less. Their chief sin against the rural code is their calm assumption that they have a right to roam over the farmer's fields without even asking permission. Farming today is a highly complicated business, and all its branches are more successful when their operations are undisturbed by uninvited visitors. Can you stroll into a town factory or workshop just when you feel like it?

Today the law of the land affords the farmer no adequate redress for material annoyance which is caused by the invasion of his farm's privacy by his non-paying and uninvited visitors. I grant you that only a small proportion of trespassers do material damage, but very definitely some of them are guilty of it. As these are seldom local people the only way to catch them is to put a watch in every field on fine summer evenings and all day long at week-ends, which, of course, will cost money the farmer can ill-afford.

Most of the damage caused by trespassers is done unwittingly, the perpetrators usually being unconscious that they have caused any. Also most of it is cumulative, and for this reason the law of England is of little assistance to the farmer. 'There ain't no fun sitting on a fence, all by yourself in the moonlight' is a statement with which most people will agree. Conversely, they will admit that there is fun when two people of the opposite sex do this sort of thing. But what may be fun for them is bad for the fence, very bad. Sitting on a gate is a much worse crime. Gates are expensive things, and continuous sitting on one soon results in its sagging down and dragging the ground and through

this becoming so damaged in use that it has to be replaced. A fence or a favourite gate may get so damaged that the farmers' animals get out, and then he is prosecuted for permitting—surely this is the law's idea of humour!—his livestock to stray upon the highway unattended. What redress has he? Is he to prosecute the first couple who sat on his fence or the twentieth, or all of them? Whatever he does in this way will be useless, and the court will only reward him with ridicule.

The motorist is very often one of the worst culprits in leaving gates open. He wants to turn in a narrow lane, and a gateway affords the nearest suitable place. Sometimes the beastly farmer has put a chain and padlock round the gate. Never mind! Take it off its hinges. This done, you can back into the field a little way, and turn your car. It's such a fag to get out again to shut the gate, more especially if you have taken it off its hinges. Besides you are in a hurry—it won't matter if you do leave it open—you will be miles away before anyone finds it out, and anyway, it will serve the farmer right for putting a chain round it.

As I say, if the farmer's stock get out on to the road he will be prosecuted, but sometimes he suffers in another way. Some neighbour's stock coming down the road run through the open gate into a field of corn or mowing grass. When this happens the two farmers concerned do not bother about the damage, they commiserate with one another about the trials and tribulations of their calling due to the bad manners and ignorance of their unwelcome visitors. The aggrieved one says to the other, 'Oh, 'tisn't your fault, but if I could catch the blankety, blank, blank, who left the gate open, etc.' Perhaps it's a good job that he cannot catch him, because if he were able to do so, he would only be fined for assault, and probably for doing grievous bodily harm. In the latter case, of course, the farmer might consider that he got value for money.

The interests of the paying visitors and the non-paying intruders often come into conflict, and the latter class cannot understand why the farmer considers the interests of the former so jealously. Take the question of bathing in streams which run through a farm. After all, farmers do not plough the water, and the bather drinks but a small quantity. In the first place, to get to the river the bather will have to cross some portion of the farm which will be a happier and more profitable place without his intrusion. In the second, the fishing is probably let to someone. Will this person, who is paying for his footing in the countryside, consider that he is getting a square deal if, when he turns up at his favourite pool on a Saturday evening, he finds it filled with bathers? He has hired the water at its market price in order to fish, and in so doing he is part of the rural scheme of things. He is paying for his pleasure, and he is entitled to get what he pays for.

Sometimes when trespassers are ordered off some rough grazing or downland by a keeper or a farmer, they are greatly incensed. To them that type of land cannot possibly be harmed by their walking over it. There are, however, some partridges nesting in the rough grass, and if disturbed they will, most likely, desert their eggs, and down will go the value of the shooting next season in pounds sterling. Again, remember that the shooting tenant, whatever else may be said against him, is paying for his pleasure, and anyone who does not do this costs the farmer money in hard cash every time he trespasses over the fields.

In addition to the financial loss caused by the mere presence of the trespasser, the question of invasion of privacy can be very annoying. After supper, say, on a summer evening a farmer decides to make yet another tour of inspection, and in so doing to bag two or three young rabbits for tomorrow's pot. He creeps carefully and quietly to the edge of a field, and peeps over the hedge to find a game of rounders in full swing, while all the rabbits have vanished underground. In another likely spot he may find a picnic party complete with car, dog, and gramophone. Can you wonder that in such cases he is sometimes barely civil, for the law of the land will give him little or no satisfaction?

If all this is true, you will say, let us have done with these private owners and occupiers of the land of Britain. 'Twas God who made the land. The land should belong to the people. Let us nationalise it, and then we shall be able to wander when and where we like! I don't think that state farming would work out quite in that carefree fashion, but rather that in such an organised scheme there would be no place for the trespasser at all. He would more likely have to buy a ticket at a turnstile, and probably be conducted round the nation's farming by a uniformed guide. Anyway, I am certain that the state would be much more strict with him than is the average occupier of land today.

But in these days when so many of our people are compelled by modern civilisation to live and work in large towns, some solution must be found to enable them to get out into the



countryside during their leisure hours, and wander unhindered by rules or regulations or legal penalties. The desire of a town child to roll carefree in standing grass is a perfectly natural one, and it is up to the nation to provide some means for him to do so. No Government can stop young folk from courting, and surely it is better for them to be able to use the charming setting of the countryside for it sometimes, rather than the artificial atmosphere of the cinema. However, it is unfair to expect private businesses in rural districts to provide these amenities free of charge.

As I see it, the solution lies in a steady extension of the National Trust. This excellent body should be enabled to take over more and more suitable tracts of land for the use and

recreation of our city dwellers. A National Park in each county—paid for by the people, run by the people, for the benefit of the people—that seems to be the only fair way out, and the attainment of this should be coupled with a steady tightening up of the trespassing laws against those people who trespass uninvited on land which remains in private occupation.

To obtain a proper view of any question it is a good plan to put the boot upon the other foot. When the countryman goes to town and visits private property, he can only do so by paying in cash, or by invitation of the occupier. Why is there this difference between his visits to town, and the townsman's visits to the country? Is the existing law unfair, or is it that the rural dweller has better manners than his town cousin?

## Seventeen Years After

By AN EX-PRIVATE-OFFICER

I WAS seventeen years old when the Battle of the Somme started; the youngest private soldier in my battalion—as a matter of interest, one of the Public Schools'. It was my first real experience of war—of dirt and blood, maimed men, wounded and killed—and I am going to give you the bare story of it here: just my own story, the experiences of one private soldier, nothing much to do with official histories of the battle. Perhaps your own story, if you were there, was much the same; perhaps it was different: I hope it was different since I haven't quite got over mine yet, and I don't suppose I ever shall.

As a matter of curiosity I am visiting the French battlefields next week-end. I have a sort of curiosity to look at the place again where it all happened. I expect the scars in the earth will have healed by now—better than many other scars have done, I trust; and the villages will have been built up again and the ground re-cultivated, and I shall see farmsteads, and pigs, and cows, and country folk going about their peaceful business, where once I saw . . .

Shall I see it again, that scene of seventeen years ago? Shall I go through it once more? I'm afraid to, in a way; and yet I'm curious. What was my mental reaction as I stood there on July 1, 1916, waiting for the signal to attack Beaumont Hamel? Shall I recall it?

Seven-thirty a.m. Misty. Warm. It is to be a hot day. The great mine is exploded to schedule. Falling debris. I watch the handle of a pump as it falls. Then comes the attack, and my own momentary fears, while hesitating before going over. My immediate platoon comrade falls back into my arms. He is dead. And I have to tread over him to go forward. Getting through the wire is no fun. The barrage has done its best and what is left of the wire does its worst. This is the inferno I have heard about. Machine-guns are, as they say, 'mowing down like scythes'. Naturally, the Germans have an almost uninterrupted view of us over a long advance of some 200 yards.

Well, I am over, and running like hell towards the objective, and as I run I wonder *why*, with what purpose? Is my mind on the job—to kill? No! What will I do when, and if, I reach my objective? I don't know! I seem to be alone. I stop. There swoops a low-flying aeroplane. The observer leans far out and waves to me with sweeping arm. He points towards the German lines. Then I run again. Literally I can hear the bullets missing me. I am conscious of fallen comrades as I lumber along. There is a well-known face—another, and another. I pass a wounded subaltern, vainly trying to form some sort of a line. He is young, very white and tense. I stop. An attempt has been made to form a small line of defence post. I take cover, and snipe.

A few men pass me, shouting. They are going back. Two of them fall. Apparently there is an order to retire. I am not hit—yet. Is it worth while running back to be shot from the rear? I move and take cover again, a little further to my right. My cover is a dead sergeant. I do not realise this until long afterwards, but his neck is my rifle rest. I start to dig myself in. I use my entrenching tool, as laid down in the *Field Manual*. What a hope! My fingers work faster, and my hands and nails are torn and bleeding.

There is a slight lull. I realise that I am now apparently completely cut off, unless I scamper back, dodging low as I go. Is it worth it? I am still unhurt. There is nothing but dead to be seen. I am some twenty yards from the German front line. To my left, a hand waves feebly to attract my attention. I shed my fighting equipment, to go and tend a wounded friend. It is—well, never mind. He is the wag of the platoon. He is also fat and heavy, and I am slight. I cannot even lift him to my back. Supposing I can, what will happen? It is all decided for me. He is shot again—fatally—and he collapses. I take a message (long afterwards it was delivered to his father). I cover his face, and make back for my rifle and equipment, and I am well attended by machine-gun fire. I am not hit.

The hours pass. Time now noon. It is blazing hot, and the

stench is awful. At 12.30 approximately I notice strange movements about the Bosche parapet. A head and shoulders in field grey appears. I cover it with my rifle. I wonder again. I suddenly observe a khaki-clad sergeant going towards the German lines. His hands are held above his head. He seems unhurt. Who is it? Why does he surrender? I turn to my German soldier again. He is wearing a white brassard with a red cross. I watch him carefully. He is joined by a second. There is a complete lull now in the firing.

Next, a stretcher is hoisted up from the German trench. I can plainly see the lifting hands. My two Germans confer. I relax the grip on my rifle, and think. I decide that the trenches are blocked with the dead and wounded. These stretchers, apparently, bear blanket-covered bodies. My mental reaction—'Stout fellows! They are joined by two more. There is a second stretcher. I become curious. Unconsciously, unwittingly, I raise my head and shoulders, the better to watch all this. Suddenly I am seen. To my amazement the stretchers are dropped now. There comes a shouted order in German. A Bosche soldier—I can see him now—seizes a rifle and fires point-blank. I have gripped my own rifle again by this time. His bullet takes away my right eye. Explosive! Part of my face seems to go, too. I fire, automatically. I get my man in the throat. Those stretchers bear loaded rifles and grenades. But I am still conscious.

I lie quiet, watching. Two hand grenades are thrown. I roll on my side. A bullet gets me in the left lung. Three Germans retire in bad order. Shrapnel gets me. Top left ribs, shoulder blade, and collar-bone; all smashed. Machine-gun gets me—right shoulder. I lie on my back and laugh, almost hysterically, as a piece of high-explosive hits me over my eye. Then shrapnel in the left thigh, also the leg. That is a broken bone. All this happens in a few moments. I try to crawl, and then lie still. I am not unconscious.

Next, dusk. I am partially conscious. A Tommy drags himself past me, ghost-like, one leg gone. He crawls back to me with several water-bottles. Bless him! He takes my hand and promises help, if he gets in. (He did not.) I make a temporary dressing for my face, using earth and water, which stops the bleeding. It is dawn. I have great pain and feel nearly all in. Then comes a blank. I waken to night again. I manage a little tepid, pretty foul water. That doesn't do. I have a hæmorrhage of the lung.

Why did I remember to turn my feet towards the British lines? I did. I am partially conscious again. It seems to be still night, when I have a temporary return of strength, and with that, thoughts of getting in again. Home. London. I get on my feet, God knows how. I remember the Verey lights. I must be a well-trained soldier. I recall the maxim: 'Keep still when those lights go up'. I half walk, half crawl. It is an unending nightmare journey. I make our barbed wire—after how long? I am challenged! I cry out, but no sound comes from my lips. It is almost dawn. They can see me, and that I am in a bad way.

I am helped in. I ask the day. July 4! I have been out nearly three days. They tell me that the remnant of my battalion has gone up to Ypres. The line is skeleton-held. I must find the M.O.'s dug-out, unaided. The M.O.'s face seems kind, but grotesquely huge. I ask: 'Am I going back?' He smiles. His face becomes even larger and more beaming. Iodine—bandages—scissors. My tunic is quickly cut from me. Morphine under the tongue. Peace. Sleep and rest.

I recover consciousness in a hospital bed. The date is July 6, and I am in Hampstead, London. Pain. . . .

There is a sequel. When we attacked, Bavarian troops were in front of us. Early in 1917 I was back with a commission, and transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. Eight years later I had hæmorrhages. I landed up in Munich, in Bavaria, where a Bavarian surgeon took the bullet from my lung. It was a Bavarian hospital.



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed by its correspondents in these columns

### The Logic of Biologists

Professor Julian Huxley, in his very interesting article on 'Organisers in Animal Development', in your issue of July 5, seems to me to commit an error of logic which is only too common in the thinking of biologists. He uses the facts which he recites to enforce the proposition that biology is becoming more, rather than less, materialistic and mechanistic. He does this by suggesting, without explicitly asserting, that 'the organiser' is 'the cause' of the organisation process which, according to his showing, it seems to initiate. A parallel instance will best bring into relief the fallacy, one only too easily overlooked. A hundred thousand men evolve, through many generations of ingenious effort, a complex machine of which an electric motor is the driving power. Some man's finger, or a falling body, accidentally turns the switch of the motor, and the machine, being all set for its work, forthwith 'produces', say, a printed copy of a great work of literature. An enthusiast for engineering, using the same logic as Mr. Huxley, but more explicitly, exclaims: 'You see how a simple mechanical cause can produce very complex effects. How absurd is all this talk about spirit or creative mind, when in this instance we see that a simple mechanical cause can produce this work of so-called art!'

The parallel is, I think, a close one and entirely relevant. I am sure that Mr. Huxley can see the point, if he will consent to reflect for a moment on the parallelism of the two cases. But for the lay reader, I will emphasise one of Mr. Huxley's facts: the organisation produced after the implanting of 'the organiser' (whether living or non-living) is specific, not to 'the organiser' but to the organism which receives the graft. The causal efficacy manifested in the organisation process is then overwhelmingly in the receiving organism, behind which lies an immense evolutionary history; while the role of 'the organiser' is merely that of releasing or starting the process, the role of the moving switch, of the drop of the flag, of the spark in the magazine, etc., etc.; and the word 'organiser' is manifestly a misnomer, a grossly misleading and question-begging epithet.

We have long known that a complex of material conditions seems to be essential to every life-process; and no intelligent vitalist denies the fact. 'The organiser', even if it be a *conditio sine qua non*, would seem to be merely one more to be added to the complex or the list of known conditions. With the discovery of every such material condition, whether phosphorus in the brain, or calcium salts in muscle, or what not, the mechanists celebrate anew the triumph of their principles. When Jacques Loeb found that unfertilised eggs of a sea-urchin would begin to develop on the addition of a simple salt to the water about them, he seemed to believe that he had discovered the secret of life and established the truth of his crass materialism. Mr. Huxley seems, like so many other biologists, to be falling into the same slovenly way of thinking. But, then, it was his famous grandfather, who, by inventing the clever word 'epiphenomenalism', led a whole generation of biologists down a blind alley.

Wendover

WILLIAM McDUGALL

### Preserving Grass for Winter Use

I should like to supplement the information which Professor Julian Huxley gave, in his interesting talk on 'Science and Grass' printed in your issue of June 21, as to the better methods of preserving the food value of grass for winter use which are now available.

The pioneer in the artificial drying of grass and other green fodder crops, more especially lucerne, was Mr. Arthur J. Mason, of Chicago, who died only a few days ago. He was a successful engineer, Australian born, and brought up on the land, and he devoted the last thirty years of his life in the U.S.A. to large-scale experiments on cutting fodder crops, irrespective of the weather, and transferring them direct to a central drying plant. Here the crop was cut up, and laid uniformly on a wire netting belt which slowly traversed a sheet metal tunnel, 150 ft. long, through which furnace gases, diluted with air down to a temperature of 270°F. were passed, by means of a large fan, in the opposite direction to the travel of the crop. In this way, at the end of half an hour, each portion of crop emerged from the tunnel still bright green, but dry and crisp, with all its vitamin and protein content intact. The Mason process has been in practical use in the United States of America since 1926—the best-known user being the Walker-Gordon Laboratories, of New Jersey, who have used a Mason Dryer for the last six years. They state that the feeding value of its product has been found to be double

that of the best sun-dried 'hay' from the same crop. The method, though proved to be commercial in the United States, where harvesting conditions generally are very much easier than in this country, has—owing to the lack of capital in British agriculture—never been used here. There are other systems in use in the United States, but none which, to my knowledge, has proved its efficiency as the Mason system has done.

Another system of proved success is the Rema-Rosin Dryer, which has been developed in Germany, and is in commercial use there and also in Denmark. In this system, the crop to be dried is cut up small, and is fed into a system of heat-insulated pipes, through which a rapid current of hot flue gases, at the high temperature of about 1,290°F. are passed. The crop particles become suspended in the flow of hot gases, and remain in contact with them for a very short period—about five seconds. During this time, the particles are dried, and at the end of their travel they are separated from the flow of gas by passage through a cyclone separator, in which the solid particles are flung to the outside of the circle, while the gases themselves, like the cream in a separator, flow out in the middle. The product of the Rema-Rosin plant, like that of the Mason Dryer, is bright green, and the feeding value is certainly as good, if not better.

Both of these methods are strictly commercial—i.e., they produce from green fodder crops a feeding material, the price of which compares favourably with feeding stuffs such as linseed cake which they serve to replace. It was estimated in 1932 that the introduction of the Mason plant into this country for the drying of lucerne could save the importation into this country of artificial feeding stuffs to the value of about £30 million sterling per annum.

The climate in this country is especially favourable to the growing of green crops, but the same climate is necessarily very unfavourable to drying them by exposure to the weather. On the other hand, we have ample supplies of coal. It can hardly be doubted that if we used the weather for growing our crops, and the coal to dry them artificially, we should be in a position of great advantage as compared with all other agricultural countries.

Experiments are, as Professor Huxley stated, now being made by several organisations here, but the two dryers which I have mentioned above are definitely past the experimental stage, and are in actual commercial use. I will gladly give further technical information to any of your readers who may be interested in the matter.

London, W.2

R. A. S. PAGET

### 'One of Those That Is'

I cannot agree that Mr. Ratcliffe is right in condemning this usage. It appears to me to be entirely a matter of intention. When I say 'One of those stars that is bright green' . . . or 'One of the purest motives that influences' . . . I am thinking not abstractly and generally of the class of stars that are bright green, or of the class of pure motives, but more immediately of the concrete single instance, this star. The qualifying phrase is subsidiary and might be bracketed. The qualifying phrase does, of course, colour the focal subject, but its effect is that of a background or margin upon a focus. If, on the other hand, I think of the class as focal, and of the particular instance as subsidiary, naturally I employ the plural, 'the stars that are . . .'

Perhaps the change from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is not from good to bad grammar, but from a tendency to see the individual in the light of a more general order, to a tendency to a kind of nominalistic emphasis upon the individual standing in its own right. And as no individual really can do this the qualifying phrase is retained by a grudging courtesy. Hence the apparent confusion.

Newcastle

LOUIS ARNAUD REID

### Primitive Craftsmen and Modern Artists

With reference to Mr. Maxwell Armfield's most interesting letter in THE LISTENER for June 28, may I suggest that the relationship between the primitive Pueblo craftsman and the modern 'abstract' artist is closer than Mr. Armfield would allow?—that in fact all artists tend to have the same final aim, namely, the clarification of their emotional and sense-experience by objectifying it: a process which consists in fashioning in the imagination and then externalising something that embodies that experience. If the making of the object is the immediate end, the purpose will be primarily utilitarian, and the kind of experience embodied in the object will be largely concerned with



its function. In practice, however, this can rarely be the case, for the artist's more directly personal experience will, according to its insistence, complexity, and nature, enter into the products of his imagination—even to the extent of making the material result rather an excuse than a justification for his essentially ethical (or, more clumsily, 'self-perfecting') activity.

In the Pueblo artists' work which Mr. Armfield cites, the utilitarian motive is seen in the desire to make something that serves an immediate practical purpose (*e.g.* a rug that also acts as a talisman), while the wish to tell a story is essentially ethical—in the above sense. (Though, of course, no such hard and fast lines can be drawn in practice.)

The modern 'abstract' artist, too, tends to claim a primarily utilitarian purpose, namely, that of decorating a room or building, with a relation between building and decoration as close as that between a peasant pot and the simple design that embellishes it, or a Gothic cathedral and its window tracery. What is more, he tends to concern himself with clarifying, not so much his experience of individual details of appearance (such as qualities of surface and volume of particular objects) as the far more general impressions of rhythm and balance and harmony which he finds he has received. It is precisely the concentration of attention on the details of appearance that has marked the art of 'rational' humanistic eras; and in both instances (the latter parts of the Græco-Roman and post-mediæval periods) it has ended by swamping interest in those elements of form and harmony which are more universal, not only as representation, but also as objective equivalents of the artist's (and, because he is human, many other people's) experience.

Littlehampton

K. G. COLLIER

### The Art of Picasso

I have been reading the correspondence over Picasso with amusement. The chorus of objectors is so precisely what one expects and has heard for the last twenty years. Their objections have been answered so often; but then one cannot expect these people to read about art. It is really not a matter in which they are interested. Octogenarian, for example, asks, 'Who is Mr. Paul Nash?' I should not write to the papers on the present European situation and open by saying 'Who is Herr Hitler?' It might suggest that I didn't know a great deal about my subject. But, as Mr. Powell says, objectors to modern art are usually not only ignorant of modern art but also of most periods of art. But I suppose this is not true of Mr. Armitage. In sixty years of teaching he must surely have learnt something. But what? What kind of 'beauty' is he after? Does he rule out the austere ugliness of the people who are represented in Byzantine mosaic, the brutal degradation of many of Teniers' characters, the horrible realism of Grünewald's crucifixion, the . . . but why go on? More than half art deals with the ugly and the terrible in life, and the Picasso in question doesn't, so what hare was he starting? Mr. Tierney talks of 'an interesting but otherwise futile experiment'. As I am unable to find the futile interesting I have perhaps not the key to his mind. He seems to me to confuse the aims of certain Surréalistes with those of Picasso, plus with minus, but I may be wrong. Perhaps his interest in the futile leads him to a peculiar method of expression. Mr. Woodnorth appears to overlook the facts that most great and many small continental galleries do exhibit Picassos and that directors are not always free agents. 'Octogenarian', dear lady, is under a delusion as to what constitutes the advantage of years, just as 'Inquirer' is under a delusion as to what constitutes beauty. What beauty has the rose without a human being to contemplate it? And why should a rose be considered to interest a wider circle than an artist's mind? Is the human mind, then, not a work of 'Inquirer's' Creator? Is the expression of mind a less worthy aim than the recording of an objective fact? Is Bradshaw greater literature than Blake? I do not understand these people who would make our minds of less consequence than the appearance of a vegetable.

But isn't the basis of all their troubles this—that they approach art democratically? They are wrong. The opinion of the majority does not hold in matters of art. The instinctive appreciation of art is a very rare gift. The capacity to appreciate is, I believe, fairly common, but it must be trained. A man has no more right to an opinion on art when he knows nothing about it than I have to an opinion on the morals of 'Octogenarian' whose real name is as unknown to me as the works of the leading British artists of today appear to be unknown to her.

Biggar

ANTHONY BERTRAM

A Mr. Piper thinks it strange that anyone should ask for an explanation of a painting by Picasso, and he is prepared, without asking questions, to abide by the judgment of 'a body of sincere young artists who are spiritually akin to the forces that prompted' the painting. Certainly if a body of sincere young, middle-aged, or elderly artists admires a painting, we may assume that there is something to it, and if they want to present it to the Tate they are entitled to offer it. But those of the public who are not sincere young artists and who are spiritually akin to something else are perfectly entitled to ask the sincere artists to

explain in words of one syllable why it is that the art of Picasso is good, or great, or epoch-making. I myself like beech trees and 'a nice cut of roast beef', but I do not regard them, as Mr. Piper seems to, as in quite the same order of art as a Picasso or a Raphael. I had not thought of them as art at all.

It is quite in order for the public, and even for the critics, to ask themselves what it is that constitutes the greatness of Raphael. Why, then, should we be asked to accept Picasso uncritically? I hope that Mr. Piper will come off his too lofty perch and tell us unsophisticated people quite simply and shortly what it is that constitutes the merit of Picasso's art, particularly in its later phases.

London, W. 1

L. G. DUKE

The snobbish attitude of our 'sincere young artists' is intolerable. With a rare rhetoric Mr. Piper points out that modern art cannot be understood except by those 'spiritually akin' to it. I for one wish that the privileged élite would be satisfied with their superiority, and would gloat in silence and solitude over the beautiful work of their spiritual kindred. But, as Mr. Powell unintentionally makes clear by pointing to the success of modernist art in advertising, modern art is propagandist. It wants—perhaps owing to a subconscious inferiority complex—to draw attention to itself; any means will serve distortion, violent colours—in a word, novelty. I do not doubt but that much good will eventually emerge, but only when the movement has gained unassuming self-confidence, and passed the stage of childish extravagance, typified in the work of 'Unit One' artists.

Manchester

R. ENGLISH

May I be allowed to write to thank and congratulate you on your reproduction and appreciation of 'Profile', by Picasso. One of the chief objects, it seems to me, of organisations such as yours is, among other things, at times, to put before the public new and contentious aspects of modern life. I feel that the 'Profile' is a lovely example of the use of colour and line in abstract art, but I do not wish to praise Picasso but to acknowledge our debt to you.

Revaluation is the life-stream of the intellect, but no new conception of art has ever been produced or published in England without causing a snowstorm of letters generally signed 'Philistine', as if such a nomenclature gave people a special right to criticise art. Picasso demands a place in our national and provincial galleries not merely because he is a great painter, but because no other living artist has had such an intense influence upon the living art of the time. We have to return to the Impressionists and then to Cézanne to find any artist of comparable influence. It is interesting to note that the same outcry was raised against the Impressionists and against Cézanne as is now being raised against Picasso. The reason why Picasso has been such an influence upon our time is that he has insisted upon the importance of bones in works of art both in his paintings and in his superb drawings. Art seemed to be becoming older and older, and with age obesity often occurs. It is our special thanks to him to have made us realise that flesh without bones is not enough, but that upon bones flesh can and must grow.

It may be that painting will go in a different direction, but with a renewed life and stability, thanks to his teaching of the paramount importance of design.

London, E.C. 4

ST. JOHN HUTCHINSON

That Mr. Neil Tierney should admit, when questioned personally, that he considers 'Profile' (or any other picture) lacking in 'aesthetic value', is as it should be; that he should occupy a two-inch paragraph in telling us so, is superfluous. It is a reflection on himself, not the picture. By 'pointless picture' I imagine he means a work which is not of the sentimental 'Dog-waiting-outside-door-for-master' school. If his appreciation of works of art is dependent upon that sort of outlook he has my warmest sympathies in his trouble. All the real artists that have ever lived have seen beauty in forms themselves; the everyday associations with the forms played no part at all. Because modern artists do not limit themselves to forms which can be labelled 'Chair', 'Apple', and so forth, they are instructed by Mr. Neil Tierney to reject all but conventional forms as 'lacking in aesthetic value'. Failure to do this, he continues, is childish, and proceeds to compare their paintings with the scribbles of children. Here his argument falls through, since he forgets technique. A child is unable to 'say what it means', owing to lack of this. As soon as its technique improves sufficiently, its scribbles become 'pointless pictures', beautiful in the eyes of all who are capable of appreciating pictures which are not mere glorified photographs. The B.B.C. are much to be complimented on their attitude.

Canterbury

RICHARD WEEKS

### Distortion in Art

What does your correspondent, 'Inquirer', consider to be the job of the artist? Is it the faithful representation of nature (which he so blandly asserts to be within human compass)? If so, then that is merely imitation, and there can be no such thing as an original or a creating artist. Surely, though, that is not the



copying of old and even present forms of 'beauty'—but the invention or discovery of new ones, and the revealing of hidden ones. I think that the great artist is the man who has a mind which is infinitely susceptible to the rhythms and relationships which exist in nature, and who is also endowed with sufficient technical resources to explain them. The distortion in which he indulges, in order to express these things which excite him, is probably not a conscious proceeding—if it were (and it is in the case of some modern artists) it would result in a lack of sincerity, or an affected naivety, which would be repugnant. All great art must of necessity spring from an intense love for, and an intelligent and constant study of, nature.

Cowley

D. F. P.

## Unit One

Mr. Edwin Smith in his letter last week about Unit One, architects, the 'contemporary spirit', the private ownership of land, etc., manages to telescope a surprising number of carts before (and round about) his wretched horse.

I do not presume to be able to solve his interesting 'inferential-factual' problem. If he has read my letter (about Unit One and the 'MARS' group) published on the same page as his, Mr. Smith may already have perceived the unsoundness of some of his inferences. I should here like to correct two or three others.

The nuclear membership of Unit One includes—as it happens—seven painters, two sculptors and two architects. Neither the names, the numbers nor their relative proportions, possess any 'magic' qualities.

Mr. Smith infers quite rightly that private ownership of land is the very devil for 'architects with the contemporary spirit'. (Isn't it for us all?) But that is why, it seems, he is pleased to assume that Colin Lucas has done very little, and I not any, 'actual building', and to build up his 'argument' on such slender foundations. Since he makes of me a 'singular example', I am compelled to answer Mr. Smith on this point.

If 'having built an actual building' means felling and hewing the timbers, digging the soil, mixing the concrete and the plaster, placing the steel: then I can assure Mr. Smith I have 'actually' done all that. If it means being the architect responsible for an 'actual' building, I must inform him that I have been and am actually that too: and that my first construction went up when I was aged 16, working (in Japan) under the 'influence' of a Japanese architect-tutor. I am glad to say that many others I have designed since then are still standing up.

Does Mr. Smith really think that Colin Lucas and I are doomed to build no more, because he writes that architecture is now a 'social pastime' and at the same time 'the least democratic' of the arts? And has not 'great art' always been a kind of great accident?

London, S.W. 1

WELLS COATES

## Controversy and Credit

Your correspondent Mr. P. R. Masson wants the purchasing power of the community to be equal to the total cost of goods to be sold. He is forgetting, surely, that whether banks create and destroy money or not, they dare not destroy money which actually belongs to you or me (except by going bankrupt). In this sense, money is indestructible. Therefore, if total money was equal to the total prices of consumable commodities, immediately we had all spent that money and consumed those commodities, there would be a glut of money and a shortage of goods. In other words, money is not a ticket, as these credit reformers frequently assert, like a railway or theatre ticket. It is a medium of exchange. The difference is that the pound note is not cancelled on being spent, but can be used over and over again, so that one pound note, passing from hand to hand, will pay off many £100's of debt. The Douglas credit reformers state that our present difficulties are due to shortage of money. The real reason for our difficulties is probably, as stated by Lt.-Col. H. Jarrett-Kerr, a moral one, the selfishness of those who own money. Total up bank deposits lying idle, building society savings, war saving certificates, insurance policies, and value of freehold house property on which no mortgage has been issued. All these are convertible into spending power. Those who possess the power of conversion, refuse to utilise that spending power, for selfish reasons. Most of us are guilty to some extent. But suppose we reversed the process and decided to 'sell all that we had and give to the poor' or even spend the proceeds . . .

Bradford

H. BURROWS

In the editorial columns of the issue of June 28 you refer critically to the general dissatisfaction experienced by the 'layman' in endeavouring to follow both the professional economist and the amateur credit reformer, and you evidently conclude, and wish your readers to concur in the conclusion, that a formulated opinion is thereby unattainable. Therefore, 'let us get back to the garden'. Briefly stated, the Douglas proposals are: (1) National control of cash and credit. (2) Equation of purchasing power to production. (3) Scientific control of prices

(the Just Price). (4) The issue of the National Dividend to every citizen. (5) Financing of new production out of new credits, created for this purpose by the State, instead of from private savings.

These are five simple propositions, but it will take more than half an hour to explain how the scheme is practicable. To explain the baking of a tart even takes time. With regard to the mathematical aspect of the proposals of Major Douglas in the new edition of his *Social Credit*, these are mathematical proofs for those who desire such, but are quite independent of his general argument which can be followed by the ordinary 'layman'. Moreover, only three algebraic formulæ are referred to, and these cover less than one out of over two hundred pages. I trust you will allow your readers to see these points.

Wanstead

E. DINELEY

In your issue of July 5, Major Douglas claims that his views on credit were supported by the Macmillan Committee 'as a reading of the evidence is sufficient to show'. I have read the Minutes of Evidence (Vol. 1, 24th Day) reporting the questioning of Major Douglas and can find nothing whatever to justify the claim. On the contrary I find a great deal which shows unmistakably that many members of the Committee reject Major Douglas' view.

One of your correspondents has already drawn attention to the statement by Mr. McKenna (Question 4423): 'Possibly you are not familiar with the working of the banking system. Do you appreciate the fact that the deposits of the bank on the deposit side of its balance sheet cost it money to acquire?' However, the question can easily be settled. If Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lubbock and other members of the Macmillan Committee agree with Major Douglas on the question of credit, then he will doubtless have obtained, or can easily obtain, statements from them to that effect. May I ask Major Douglas if he will produce those statements and so establish his claim beyond the possibility of contradiction.

London, S.W. 18

E. R. HARDCASTLE

May I suggest to your correspondents in this most interesting discussion that they should substitute for the words 'creating credit' the words 'monetising credit' in describing the function of banks in the matter? The banks 'monetise' and 'demonetise' credit—whether or not they create it—and the use of these terms would clear up many misunderstandings.

Workshop

C. P. BLATCHLEY

## Silver and International Trade

The exposition of the silver problem, included in the discussion on 'International Currency and Co-operation', recorded in THE LISTENER of June 28, was, inevitably, incomplete. The demonetisation of silver represents a policy adopted wholly regardless of the interests of Asia, although that continent contains a total population aggregating a thousand millions, of which for centuries a large percentage has consistently invested its savings in silver. It is easy enough to adduce small technical arguments against any programme designed to restore silver to its former value and status; but the fact remains, as evidenced by current figures concerning trade and employment, that exclusive reliance on gold has contributed to, if it has not created, a position amounting to economic chaos throughout the world, nowhere more so than in Asia, where the position of most producers now verges on insolvency.

There was no lack of authoritative warnings concerning the probable incidence of the currency policy adopted by the Indian Government which had led to the present *impasse*. To quote only one among many, Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor, and Sir Charles Addis, Director, of the Bank of England, in their joint statement to the Indian Currency Commission in 1926, declared: 'The immediate effect of the announcement that the Indian Government contemplated the sale of a large quantity of silver would be to throw out of gear the exchanges with China and, for a time, paralyse trade with that country. . . . There is a reaction upon gold prices when an extreme fall or rise takes place in the value of silver, which is none the less serious because it is indirect and not very apparent on the surface. The consequential changes in prices generally and in trade conditions, which would be produced, the disturbance to the world's economic peace and confidence, the interference with the long-established social habits of the people of India in the use of silver, the shock to the reliance of a great country like China upon silver as a medium of currency and a common store of value, could not fail to have important effects upon the gold prices of countries in Europe, and, indeed, in America'. One of the tasks of the World Conference is to repair the damage thus inflicted. The currency programme adopted by India on the advice of the Hilton-Young Commission seven years ago cannot be reversed, but its effects can be palliated by accepting the invitation of the United States Government to remove the Indian surplus by utilising it in part-payment of war-debt instalments which, on the most favourable assumption, have not yet been completed.

Welwyn

R. W. BROCK.



### The Problem of Evil

Mr. S. T. Klein states and repeats that 'the human race is in its infancy'. We do not know, and have no means of knowing whether the human race is in its infancy, or its maturity, or its decline. I fail to see that we should be concerned with its destiny. What we do know is that the history of the human race is a continuous record of suffering, that man has always lived under the shadow of the power of Nature, that inscrutable ruthless power that has never shown the least concern for man, his morality and his religion. Having accepted the doctrine of the identity of the God of Christianity with Nature, though each is the negative of the other, your correspondent, like all theologians, cannot extricate himself from the morass of difficulties resulting. His reference to the Great War shows that he accepts the monstrous doctrine of vicarious suffering, the old primitive idea of appeasing the supposed anger of the gods of the natural world by giving them something to eat—and giving the sacrificer a chance to escape. It makes no difference to us whether the evils we suffer are relative or absolute; we suffer all the same.

Hull

E. C. ASHMORE

### The Great Hill Camps

In Mr. Stanley Casson's article of July 12 he states that the great hill camps can now be classified according to the various Iron Age or Celtic invasions. I have always understood that it is a debatable point whether these hill camps are Celtic or earlier. Could he let us know how they classify the great hill camps as being Celtic and not Neolithic, also which invasions made the camps in South Wiltshire, Bratton, Battlesbury, Yarnbury, etc.; and who made the round barrows?

Saltburn-by-the-Sea

W. M. SHENSTONE

### Public Schools and their O.T.C.

Entirely do I fail to see how religion enters the question of Public Schools' O.T.C.s at all. A great number of military leaders have been known to be good Christians, so there seems no reason why Corps members should not be good Christians too. There is a deal of difference in learning to shoot to kill as an individual, and learning to shoot as a unit in an army. The plea that it develops unformed boyish minds on a military basis is, of course, futile. Boys can form their own ideas for

themselves. Without considering the moral side of the matter, besides producing a lot of desirable physical and mental improvements—physique and a spirit of leadership—the O.T.C. is an essential; a fact which was proved without doubt in the years 1914-1918. A recent argument against the O.T.C. pointed out how farcical it was having disarmament conferences on the one hand, and O.T.C.s on the other. If that is so, for Heaven's sake let's do away with the disarmament conferences. Disarmament is not for us, who have a position and reputation in the world to maintain.

London, S.W.10

A PRESENT MEMBER

### 'Can We Imitate Christ?'

In our Baptismal Service we are taught, as Canon Barry said, that our profession is 'To follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and be made like unto Him'. I can quite follow Canon Barry's thoughts as regards the ordinary walks of life, but the difficulty is for the soldier and officer in the army. How can we imitate Christ in war? How can an officer or soldier in the army follow the example of Jesus Christ and be made like unto Him—in war? I know heroic deeds are done in war, and character developed, but the motive—to conquer by force—surely Jesus Christ would not lead in that. He conquered by love, so if we are to imitate Him, couldn't we have an army of love, instead of an army of force?

Romsey

R. MOODY

### 100 Hours' Work a Week

In Miss Margery Fry's article on Lord Shaftesbury, there appears this concluding sentence: '... there may still be found in this country children of 14 who are working 80, 90 and 100 hours a week'. In the first place, this statement requires elucidation. In what industry was this to be found? Was it for one special occasion or the ordinary working week? Is the writer aware that young persons under eighteen are forbidden by law to be employed more than seventy hours a week? Were any steps taken to appeal to the protection of the law? Was any trade union concerned in the protection of the workers? To arrive at anything like the total mentioned, the child would have to work at least fifteen hours every day, including Saturday. I know of no employment where this could be. Perhaps the statement may be explained further in a future issue.

High Wycombe

E. M. LOVE

## America's Programme for Industrial Recovery

(Continued from page 79)

of the dollar as distinct from a mechanical adjustment of its purchasing power to the purchasing power of other currencies. I am one of those who think that President Roosevelt's policy is, to a very large extent indeed, right, because all regular expedients had been tried and had failed, although I do not think the control of industry can ever have more than a limited success at best, and may create great insecurity at its worst. People on this side do not realise the depths of the difficulties into which the United States price level collapse and banking collapse had brought her industrial activity, and how necessary it was for such striking measures to be put forward, first for the psychological reactions that were necessary to command confidence, and secondly, actually to use them for raising prices if the psychological reaction of their existence was inadequate.

I would also say that, so far, the public use made of the existence of the powers, as distinct from the actual use of the powers themselves, has also been skilful. President Roosevelt has forged and put into his tool-bag a number of remarkable instruments, and to my mind he and his advisers are hoping fervently that the existence of these tools, and the occasional rattling of the bag to show that they are there, will do all that is necessary to start the upward trend of trade, which we hope will be as cumulative as the downward trend was, so that the mere existence of this new possibility will induce a 'roll up' of prosperity, and make the actual use of the instruments not really necessary. At the same time, we feel that the President is fully prepared to use the powers if the psychological impetus is insufficient, but I doubt whether he really wants to use some of them, for the technique of their use is unexplored and nobody is quite certain what the effects will be, or how great an effect will result from a particular 'touch'. These effects must necessarily be closely related to the psychology of the people, and myself I regard the success of the President's measures as being much more dependent upon the mental and moral calibre of the American people than upon anything else. The great thing they have to fear is too high a degree of speculative activity, with its inevitable reaction. If what people think about coming prosperity keeps well within the progress of industrial activity already achieved and its immediate prospect, then no harm can

come, but if the hopes for the future dash frantically ahead of existing facts, then the effect upon America and the rest of the world of disillusionment may well be something too fearful to contemplate. American psychology and the ability to rocket ahead on the Stock Exchange out of relation to immediately realisable facts is the greatest obstacle to the success of the President's programme.

Professor Moulton indicates that the wise policy is to keep the upward movement of American prices in close articulation with the advance in prices of other countries. I agree. But will this be fast enough or high enough to meet their domestic needs? I quite agree with him that all countries should work together to stimulate industrial recovery, but they have not all the pressing necessity for raising prices to the same extent as America. In some cases internal prices have not fallen so far; in others they have nothing like the same debt structure and banking position to validate and make secure; or in some a rapid rise may have the effect of deranging their currency; and if they have already had a devaluation operation like France, they may destroy confidence to a greater extent than advancing business improves it. These are reasons why the extent of the rise needed or permitted in other countries may vary. I do not think Professor Moulton can expect that prices in other countries will advance as fast as he hopes American prices will, but I do agree with him that real and consolidated prosperity based on recovering prices that were deflated beyond all justification, as in America, must have corresponding effects in reviving prosperity abroad and bringing price advances. I accept the main part of his thesis, but I think there are more reasons for differences in the application of the remedies than he allows and in the rate of change, and I think that inability to work the precise degree in practice, and uncontrolled speculation, may profoundly modify the problem. So while we all wish well to these bold measures, and will do nothing by undue apprehensiveness to jeopardise, but everything to forward them, we have to recognise that the very novelty of the immense forces unloosed may involve us all. But President Roosevelt knows as well as we do that anything in his success initial to the stability of other countries will ultimately react upon that very success, and failure will be cumulative.



## Broadcast Poems

*A selection from the successful poems in the B.B.C. Poetry Competition, which have been recently read at the microphone*

### Easter

On the third day, as birds awoke to sing,  
The Lord came forth out of his sunless bed,  
Weary for home, after far journeying,  
His brow still pale from sojourn with the dead.  
And as he stood, he lifted up his head  
And saw the east rich with the hope of day,  
Driving from earth and him the twilight mists away.

And thou, my soul, thou small unrisen Christ,  
That hast in more unfruitful darkness lain,  
Has not the bondage long enough sufficed?  
Rise up and smell the primrose in the rain  
And hear the blackbird in his joy again.  
Thy little load of sin for shame let spill,  
Since all the world's (on him) could not thy Saviour kill.

The delicate flowers bright about his feet,  
Hiding the wounds, and healing them with dew,  
Bloom still for thee; the trees which did him greet  
For thee again their beauty now renew;  
The morning-scented air whose breath he drew—  
All these return to make thy Eastertide  
Like his: but thou hast more, the thought of that beside.

DORIS PAILTHORPE

### The Glass-Blower

By the red furnace stands  
Apollo mute,  
Holding in upraised hands  
His iron flute.  
Slowly from back and brow  
The bright sweat drips;  
He sets the clarion now  
Light to his lips,  
And ever, as he blows,  
Without a sound  
His molten music flows,  
Golden and round.

Never from herald's breath  
In curved horn,  
Telling of strife and death  
Or of peace new-born;  
Nor silver clarinet  
By fingers small  
To lips of ruby set  
In rafted hall;  
Nor jilted shepherd's reed  
Plaintively proving  
How he in very deed  
Must die of loving—  
Never from all these came  
A music sweeter  
Than this bright sphere of flame  
With neither sound nor name,  
Cadence nor metre,  
That steadily, as he blows  
On his iron flute,  
Trembles and swells and glows  
And ever lovelier grows  
In melody mute.

JAN STRUTHER

### Quis Desiderio

Not for the rose alone, which I have tended  
In memory's dear garden, do I bless  
Your name, my love; but for the thorns no less.  
Those soft sweet scented petals, long defended  
Against bleak blowing time may fade and fall:  
But when remembered happiness is ended,  
There will be comfort still, if I may press  
The faithful, cruel points that can recall  
Your parting gift of pain. If God were wise  
I think there would be pain in Paradise.

ARTHUR GOIDEL

### Whelk

The whelk is a sea fish of sorts and a sort of seafish  
It goes and it knows.  
It knows its inside out.  
It knows its curls and its coils.  
It knows its whirls and its whorls.  
Its data are private data.

It lies at daybreak  
under the rocks  
waiting, with dropped jaw,  
watching the quick shutting of winkle lids,  
and the small penetrations of the tide.

If it could scatter the mud coils of the sea worms  
as they dry beside the pools,  
thrusting them to fine dust.  
If it could dive with the young fishes  
under the rock's shelf.  
If it could sail with the bright bubbles on the sandy streams.

But it goes and it knows.  
It knows well its curls and its coils.  
It knows well its whirls and its whorls.

It hears the far murmur of the new tide,  
and sea breezes sound in its shell.

The crabs go to meet the tide.  
The fishes go to meet the tide.  
The children go to meet the tide.

But it waits quiet under the rock  
lying in the soft sea music  
which the wind wakens in its shell.

(The wind has no music,  
but it makes music of the wind.)

It knows the rhythm of innumerable tides,  
and the plashing of infinite waves.

It is quite alone  
under the rocks,  
immobile.

The tide is coming in.

It observes the languid immanence of noon,  
the gradual accumulation of complexities and prolonged subtleties,  
the amalgamation of the morning data with the afternoon data,  
and the casual progress of the sun.

It is aware of the strewn litter of the trippers,  
and absorbs the essence of paper bags.

It hears the ceaseless flowing of the tide  
in the outer channels.  
The far noise of fishermen on the bawleys  
and the dripping of water from their nets.

The tide is coming in.

It remarks the changing colour of the mussel beds,  
as the tide comes,  
the new line of foam beyond the rocks,  
the barefoot children running to meet the tide,  
the hurrying of fishes,  
the sailing of bubbles,  
and the distant crawling of crabs.

H. M. PHILLIPS

### After a Tragedy

Long ago, in stony Greece,  
The human heart knew no peace.  
In its darkness it was torn,  
And cursed, as now, the fate of being born;  
And tried to heal the agony with song—

O Lord, how long?

FRANCES CORNFORD



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

### The Oxford Movement. By J. Lewis May Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

THERE WAS ROOM amidst the spate of literature induced by the centenary of the Oxford Movement for a sympathetic, impartial account of the personalities and principles involved. Mr. Lewis May is already well-known for what has been described as 'the best study of Newman yet written', and for his understanding and revealing book on *Father Tyrrell and the Modernist Movement*. The world in which the Oxford Movement took shape, as the Oxford that was its setting, have completely disappeared. Mr. May's special gifts make the well-known characters live again in their surroundings, surroundings and circumstances that the post-War generation find difficult to apprehend. Newman is put into his rightful place, not always accorded him. It was not merely his intellectual gifts, nor his 'deathless voice', nor his matchless prose, but some quality that 'marked him off as different, not merely in degree, but in kind, from all those others, his comrades in the struggle'. Pusey, Keble and others were essentially national in their outlook, England bounded their horizon. In dark days Keble said that if the Church of England could be found nowhere else it would be found in his parish. But Newman's vision embraced Christendom, and he could foresee the approaching conflict between it and infidelity. It was not, as has sometimes been suggested, weakness that led to his conversion to Rome, but rather his appreciation that Christianity is essentially supra-national, his need for union with that historic Christianity that has always existed and upon which, ultimately, national Churches depend. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Mr. May suggests, and pleads, that the Oxford Movement was indeed essentially a movement. If its impetus fail, if it should rest in its course, it falsifies its premises and defeats itself; '... the Tractarians, because, whether they acknowledged it or not did inevitably tend towards the union of the Church of England with the Mighty Mother of the West, embarked on a Movement which, whatever appearance of narrowness or exclusiveness it may in its beginning have presented, is, unless it denies its own soul, and deliberately repudiates its own principles, bound to end in the union of all Catholic peoples and ultimately, through the mercy of God, of the whole Christian world'.

The criticism may be made that no notice is taken of that break-away from the principles of the Tractarians that is so remarkable in a large section of Anglo-Catholics. For good or for ill the direction of the movement has been deflected, the original principles discarded. It would, indeed, seem as if a break-up had already set in, so that, whilst its influence still spreads, what was the original driving power has failed. Mr. May contends that 'either the Oxford Movement is of permanent and universal importance, or, save from a purely antiquarian or historical point of view, it is of no importance at all'. His book would have been more complete with some account of modern tendencies that disquiet those who agree with his contention.

### 'S.O.S.' Talks on Unemployment. By S. P. B. Mais Putnam. 7s. 6d.

This volume is mainly composed of the series of broadcast talks on unemployment given by the author at the invitation of the B.B.C. Armed with addresses and advice, and equipped with uncommon powers of observations, Mr. Mais set forth like a modern Cobbett to investigate the social problems that inevitably arise from prolonged unemployment and to inspect a number of voluntary schemes designed to mitigate some of its worst evils. The result is a lucid, valuable, and passionately sincere book.

Time was scarce and it was impossible to inspect every scheme. Mr. Mais therefore isolated the most important types of problems and in vivid language has described measures directed towards their solution. He realised immediately that the problem of unemployment is not merely the provision of food, clothing, and shelter. After years of fruitless searches for work the victim invariably develops a feeling of personal inferiority. He feels himself an outcast from society, and, as the author says, feels in need not of charity, but of some 'practical expression of understanding friendliness'. It is to this need that the heroic but obscure body of social workers endeavours to minister. Centres have been established sometimes by the unemployed themselves, but more often by some socially minded group of people, where the unemployed man can occupy himself with useful work. All kinds of activities are encouraged. Boot-repairing, toy-making and leathercraft work are all carried out under the voluntary guidance of unemployed specialists. Local authorities and tradesmen as a rule render assistance and provide cheap raw materials. For a few pence men can produce much-needed articles and at the same time

recapture the joy of creative work. In the women's centres mothercraft and home dressmaking are taught, provision usually being made for the care of young children while mothers are thus engaged. In addition educational bodies provide lecturers on every conceivable subject. The details of these varying activities are fully dealt with by Mr. Mais. Every locality has its particular problems. Some try to establish centres in which handicraft, physical training and educational facilities are provided. Others find that only recreational schemes are popular. One of the most successful schemes has been the allotment scheme. A special chapter is devoted to this. The magnificent work of the Society of Friends has enabled 63,000 unemployed men to cultivate plots from which £400,000 worth of produce has been obtained. Land and seed are provided at greatly reduced prices and the effects of work in the open air cannot be over-estimated. Nor are the activities of the workless devoted merely to the satisfaction of personal needs. In Brynmawr, South Wales, a pleasure garden, a children's paddling pool, and an open-air swimming bath have been created out of derelict land for the benefit of the town.

It is impossible to give more than a brief summary of the facts with which the book is packed. Inspiring though it is to read of these splendid efforts, the author, despite criticism to the contrary, realises that only the fringe of the problem has been touched. Probably no more than 4 per cent. of the unemployed are participating in these schemes. As was inevitable, the author was showered with criticisms after every talk. Some criticised his facts, some his opinions, and a few his sincerity. A number of these letters are printed, and in conjunction with the main text provide material from which a true perspective of the problem can be obtained. Considerable opposition came from obviously sincere people who felt that a problem of this magnitude could not be solved by voluntary measures. Others argued that the provision of cheap raw materials could only be temporary and by causing reduced sales elsewhere would lead to additional unemployment. Others with their eyes on a more distant future advocated permanent settlements. In fairness to the author, however, it should be pointed out that his task was not to resolve warring elements but to call the apathetic, both employed and unemployed, to arms. The task of a recruiting sergeant is to arouse enthusiasm and not to discuss the difficulties of the campaign. Viewed in this light, Mr. Mais was more than successful.

In addition to sixteen illustrations, the book contains valuable appendices devoted to suggestions and brief descriptions of schemes in operation.

### The Silver Scythe. By S. Snaith. Blythenhale Press. 3s.

#### Youth at Arms. By Leonard Barnes. Davies. 5s.

In his Foreword to this latest collection of Mr. Stanley Snaith's lyrics, Mr. Gordon Bottomley writes: 'his exacting choice of word, his fastidious placing of it, make his music one thing—but, more than all else, they make it authentic as well as his own, and place him in the great line of descent in English poetry'. Mr. Bottomley is himself an exceedingly fine craftsman and well able to appreciate the exercise of word-craft in others. Nevertheless, if this were all that is worth saying about Mr. Snaith's poetry, no great importance would attach to it. What, then, has Mr. Bottomley to say about the content of these lyrics? Mr. Snaith 'brings to poetry . . . the sharper, almost mordant sense of natural aspect and fact. . . . and, yet more, the sense that the poet is part of that natural life, and that there is a mysterious, sometimes awe-stirring, unity between human life and the rest of life'. Or, to put it more bluntly, Mr. Snaith (as perhaps becomes a poet of Westmorland) is a Wordsworthian and adheres to the romantic fallacy. For him, pylons, though 'outposts of the trekking future', contradict 'nature's softer architecture' and are unacceptable to Earth; whilst a railway station is chiefly to be remarked for its pigeons that remind him of 'some village with a green name'. (One wonders what Mr. Snaith would say of Mr. Stephen Spender's poems on trains and pylons.) Mr. Snaith, then, is an extension of the late Georgian school—which is not necessarily to say, as some would suppose, that he is a bad poet. In fact, potentially, he is a very good poet. There are poems in this little collection which both for the dexterity of their phrasing and the unescapable individuality of their imagery, proclaim him a poet to whom the best attention should be paid. Often, with him, the slighter the better. Here, for instance, is a four-line poem on a poplar which shows real vision:

In the grave motion of her dance  
She wears the wind like radiance,  
And, turning, sprinkles to the ground  
A shower that is both light and sound.

It is when Mr. Snaith attempts the more weighty theme, the larger scope, that he comes nearest to failing—though an ex-



ception should certainly be made of 'The Living Rod', a noble poem on the subject of water-divining. What these poems seem to lack is a breadth matching their intensity. The poet may cry out that:

Life goes disdainful of the curb,  
Sweeping its Baltic through the veins,

but the fact remains that his poems, however dexterously, however delicately, mainly measure out that turbulent life in a thimble.

Mr. Leonard Barnes is also a good craftsman—and no one can say that the content of his poems is too thin and vague. Fifteen years after the event he sings of the 'Great War' and his singing bears authentic proof of a vivid memory and a discerning appreciation. There is one long poem, descriptive of an attack, which undoubtedly ranks with the best war-poems. In setting down his metrical record he glosses over nothing and yet all the time one has the feeling that, despite the worst that happens, he is enjoying (if that is not too unobtrusive a word) his experiences, so that one is not really surprised at the sentiments expressed in the concluding poems of the sequence:

... our early prayer  
To drain the cup of life to the last lees  
—The sweat, the sorrow, and the ecstasy—  
Is richly granted, and our praise to heaven  
That war, red war, came in our time is given  
With passionate, nay exultant, piety.

Somehow or another Mr. Barnes manages to read into the years 1914–1918 but another and even more splendid version of history's romantic battles of long ago. One may disagree, and heartily, but the very ferocity of the realism of some of these war-poems must make one respect the author's odd conclusion.

#### 'Y.Y.' Essays by Robert Lynd. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Life is too short and books too many to permit us to read everything Mr. Lynd writes. For he is one of the good writers who might take warning from Chesterton's words: 'Even good writers can write too much, and bad writers cannot write too little'. This discriminating selection of his essays made by Mrs. Squire is, therefore, very welcome. Especially as it answers to the true test of an anthology, which is not 'Why exclude, but why include this or that?' For, there is not here a single essay whose inclusion we regret. 'Y.Y.'s' broad humanity—a quality which wins for him a host of friends, is revealed in all. At a time when many seem bored by life he is interested in everything—in books and birds, sweeps and gardeners, young men playing bad cricket on the village green, and fishermen lolling on the quay. With all he is on good terms, and he writes about them with kindly humour. It is a genial philosophy of life he offers us, but there is a strain of Puritanism in it. He is 'the temperate Puritan' in whom, as he tells us, he finds the ideal man. Extreme Puritans and the Impuritans come in, therefore, for hard knocks. Witness this: 'The modern restoration of disgusting things to literature shocks everyone who is human enough to be capable of being shocked. It is no more to be argued about than the smell of an escape of gas'. The anthologist claims for this selection that it represents 'the best of nearly twenty years of 'Y.Y.'. Many of us who agree must be allowed to hesitate before the bolder claim that in these Essays the 'resemblance to Charles Lamb is manifest'. Today there is only one essayist in England who merits that comparison, and Mr. Lynd knows who that is.

#### The Living Universe. By Sir Francis Younghusband Murray. 10s. 6d.

Those who are acquainted with the earlier works of this writer will find the same charming thoughts and uplifting philosophy in this volume. The subject is a great and difficult one to make plain to the man in the street, but he has faced it with enthusiasm, and has succeeded in writing a book which will interest a wide circle of readers. Sir Francis Younghusband is well fitted for dealing with the meaning of the universe, as his writings clearly show that he has passed the portal of mystical experience. He tells us that the idea of this book came to him forty years ago in the lonely heights of the Himalaya mountains. He was born in the Far East, where half his life has been spent, and has been in personal touch with the philosophy of leading Indians, cultured Chinese, and also with divines, poets, philosophers and scientific men in Europe and America. He thus has the rare advantage of being able to combine the best elements in mystical thought of both East and West. He begins with a clear and admirable statement of what may be called ascertained facts concerning the universe and particularly those of the earth, as accepted by astronomers, physicists, biologists, geologists and chemists. He controverts, by cogent arguments, the theory propounded by some physicists that the universe is running down and that its energy will eventually become inoperative, carry with it the destruction of all life, advancement in knowledge and civilisation. He then commences to develop the thesis, contained in the title of his book, by pointing out the many clear instances of design and purpose of life on the earth. He traces, in beautiful diction,

what he calls Creative Love, from its beginning in the lowest living cellular form, through the self-sacrificing motherly love in the higher animals, and blossoming in the beautiful maternal love so characteristic of the human mother; thus showing its universality throughout all living organisms, and giving a wonderful vision of the purpose of the all-loving for bringing the human race to its intended goal of consciousness of being one with Him. Nature is indeed a wonderful book to those who are able to read it, but it is a message of love to those who have learnt to discern it. St. Paul had that vision when he told us that the unrighteous, namely, those who have no knowledge and therefore no love of God, shall be without excuse because the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity. It is the state of mind known as 'mystical experience' which enables us to realise this through the intensity of exaltation and joy which it brings to the seer.

Some may think that the author somewhat narrows the force of his argument by likening the universe to an organism made up of individual bodies and, when refuting the materialist's statement that life had its origin from a fortuitous combination of chemical atoms, he suggests that it may have come to this world by radiations emanating from living organisms existing in some other planet; but that only shifts the problem of the origin of life to another world, whereas his grand contention is that the universe is one complete living whole; it is the manifestation of the thought of an Infinite Being who is omnipresent and from whom life came into existence when physical conditions had been made fit for its development. There is a forecast of what will be the advanced life and civilisation of the human race on this earth some thousands of years hence. This is depicted as, at present, existing on an imaginary planet revolving round the star 'Altair', where the mystical power of conception has been greatly developed. This will interest those who like to look into the future of mental progress.

#### Idols and Invalids. By James Kemble. Methuen. 6s.

This curious little work may well be described as a labour of love. Mr. Kemble, who is described upon the jacket as 'a medical man and a humanist', a combination not too frequent in this or any other age, has been inspired to investigate the medical history of some of the outstanding figures of the world, and to rewrite their lives in terms of the knowledge thereby gained. Sometimes the result is of merely scientific interest, as in his analysis of the exact nature of the 'fever' that slew Byron at Missolonghi; sometimes, however, it provides at any rate the rudiments of a defence for those whom later tradition most execrates, as when, in writing of Judge Jeffreys, he traces the 'Bloody Assize' and the subsequent collapse of Jeffreys' great career to an untreated visitation of the stone; and sometimes it leads him to run a tilt with recognised social opinion. An instance of the last-named category is his whole-hearted advertisement of Cleopatra as a magnificent product of generations of the most un-eugenic inbreeding. Sometimes Mr. Kemble is rather unwittingly funny; for example, when he defends Queen Anne (the mother of seventeen children) from a charge of lesbianism! His defence of Henry VIII, on the other hand, though not altogether original, must certainly be taken seriously. His final note, on the probable anatomical and medical future of man, though not hopeful, is perhaps less pessimistic than might have been expected. Altogether a book which has the advantages as well as the demerits of having been written because its author was interested in his subject, and for no other reason.

#### Sailing, Sailing Swiftly. By Jack B. Yeats Putnam. 6s.

#### Apparitions. By Jack B. Yeats. Cape. 6s.

Two odd, strangely personal books with what one can only call an evanescent atmosphere of the long-ago hovering about their characters. The first is a short novella that begins with Jasper Newbigging, and Thady O'Malley, travelling to an English spa in the 'sixties. Jasper marries off his friend to Annette Dunaven of the local bookshop. Thaddeus is killed in a railway smash and she comes to Ireland to meet his relations. This gives Mr. Yeats a happy chance to lyricise over the Ireland that is dead and gone and to etch in some charming little illustrations in the manner of his inimitable *Life in West Ireland*. Her son Lawrence brings the tale down to the present day when he dies at the peak of his success. It is actually an *esquisse* for a novel and its merit is in its dry, facetious humour, its kindly zest for people of whom a novelist like Dickens would have made figures of fun, and the curious misty quality of the colouring like a picture drawn out of a dream.

*Apparitions* contains three short plays, charades rather than plays, of old-fashioned technique and humour of the practical-joker kind. They, too, evoke memories of a world that is gone, warm and kindly and leisured; uncritical perhaps and a little bemused. A curiosity of literature, a painter's daydreams, Charmian in an idle hour.



## French Literature of Today: Jean Giono

JEAN GIONO, who is famous in France, is as yet little known here. An attempt was made at the Arts Theatre to interest the English public in a play of his, 'Lanceurs de Graines', translated by Miss Joliffe Metcalfe. It cannot be said that either the public or the critics did their duty—they seldom do—yet the performance may have sent some readers to Giono's novels. Most critics alluded to Giono's gifts as a 'poet'—perhaps that was no great service done him—as few people like poetry nowadays: new poetry, anyway. This is as it should be, because the sins committed in the name of poetry are great and grow greater, and the public is right to frown upon them. Secondly, I do not think that poetry is Giono's strong point; in fact, I believe poetry is a dangerous path for him.

Yet Giono is a great writer; his greatness is in a power of presentation of peasant life in the French Alps, and particularly of the life of the shepherds. There survives in the upper parts of Provence and Dauphiné—just as in the Pyrenees and the Jura mountains—just as, in a different way, in the Camargue (of which more another month)—a powerful type of life which is pre-agricultural. This life is at the same time prehistoric and extremely modern, since it supplies wool and meat to the townspeople of France (where frozen meat is looked upon with disfavour), and is therefore likely to last. It produces not only wool and meat, but a type of human being which is likely to be very puzzling to English people whenever they meet it; and meet it they must since it plays a great rôle in politics and in literature. The prehistoric races of England are practically exterminated, or oppressed beyond recognition. The prehistoric races of France are very vigorous and very influential. Hence misunderstandings.

Giono's books will give many people an insight into that stratum of French character. It is an effort for the English to think of the French in terms of peasants; but even the peasant is comparatively an innovation. The great provençal poet, d'Arbaud, has said:

Had I come in those days when the shepherd races  
Roamed over the earth with flock and herd,  
And armed only with cloaks and staffs  
Reigned undisturbed over plains and mountains . . .  
I had lived to a hundred years, as shepherds live.

Giono tells of this antagonism between the shepherd and the peasant; and he gives a good example: a fight about water. (Remember that the attitude of the French peasant about water was one of the standing grievances of the British soldier during the War.) *Le Serpent d'Etoiles* tells of the shepherd's musical powers and of their strange practice of making wind-lyres out of trees:

C'est une invention de berger. Une de ces harpes secrètes et solitaires déchaîna la peur sur tout un pays de Queyras, l'an 12 ou 13, un peu avant la guerre. C'était un village de simples, porteurs de goîtres pesants comme des melons et, pour cela, regardant terre de la tête baissée. Ce pays est sans eau; le village bâti sur le roc est pertuisé en son sous-sol de trois longs puits sombres et grondeurs. L'ouverture des puits enchappée d'un capuchon de pierre reste fermée à la grosse clef tout le jour. Le soir seulement on ouvre le portillon, juste le temps aux femmes de tirer les seilles, d'emplier les seaux, de se rougir les mains à la rouille des chaînes, de se mouiller les pieds à l'eau fraîche, de rire . . . Ce berger-là, dit-on, voulut boire et ne le put: on lui dit que l'heure était passée. Il discuta. Discussion avec homme à goître se termine toujours par des hurlements et des batailles à coups de pierres. Notre berger s'en remonta sur son penchant à sa pâture et là fit sa harpe. Il prétendit, après coup, l'avoir faite pour sa distraction, ayant oublié de bon oubli l'étoile qu'un bout de silex avait fait éclater à son front. Le sûr est que cette harpe, si elle fut faite de hasard, le hasard est un grand maître, car il la fit dans la juste sonorité d'un flux d'eau: on aurait dit chanson de grande source. En plus de ça, n'ayant pas de pin-lyre à cette hauteur, le berger l'avait tendue dans les branches d'un chêne; elle était donc beaucoup plus grande que d'habitude et elle entraînait plus profondément dans la terre par les longues racines en raves.

À la première musique, voilà tout mon village qui tend l'oreille, grogne, prend seaux et bennes, seillons, cruches, gargoules et dévale vers le vallon où l'eau semblait couler. Le vent seul coulait dans la combe nue. Ils se frottaient les yeux, ils s'interrogeaient, ils regardaient de droite et de gauche sans rien voir et cependant le bruit de l'eau était autour d'eux. Au bord de ce val sec, tranchant de ses pierres comme un couteau chaud, ils s'énervèrent tant dans leur désir d'eau vive, sous cette chanson de la harpe, qu'ils se mirent à imiter au plein de l'air souple les gestes du nageur, se jetant la tête première sur les rochers, s'allongeant dans les épines, s'écrouchant, se griffant, se battant, s'arrachant le goître, sanglants, ivres de désespoir et de désir.

The permanent tragedy of the shepherd's life is that double yearly journey that takes the flocks from the winter feeding grounds of the Grau to the summer pastures of the Alps: the road is long for the hundreds of thousands of sheep, through the rich agricultural land that must not be touched, until they get to the free grass of the mountains. Many sheep die on the way.

An apocalyptic scene is described in *Le Grand Troupeau*, when, in August, 1914, all the young shepherds are called to the army, and a few old men are left in charge of the tremendous flocks and have to trek back to the plains unaided. The suffering of beasts and men is realised in a well-nigh unbearable manner:

Devant les moutons, l'homme était seul.

Il était seul. Il était vieux. Il était las à mort. Il n'y avait qu'à voir son traîné de pied, le poids que le bâton pesait dans sa main. Mais il devait avoir la tête pleine de calcul et de volonté.

Il était blanc de poussière de haut en bas comme une bête de la route. Tout blanc.

Il repoussa son chapeau en arrière et puis, de ses poings lourds, il s'essuya les yeux; et il eut comme ça, dans tout ce blanc, les deux larges trous rouges de ses yeux malades de sueur. Il regarda tout le monde de son regard volontaire. Sans un mot, sans siffler, sans gestes, il tourna le coude de la route et on vit alors ses yeux aller au fond de la ligne droite de la route, là-bas, jusqu'au fond et il voyait tout: la peine et le soleil. D'un coup de bras, il rabassa le chapeau sur sa figure, et il passa en traînant ses pieds.

Et, derrière lui, il n'y avait pas de bardot portant le bât, ni d'ânes chargés de couffes, non; seulement, devançant les moutons de trois pas, juste après l'homme, une grande bête toute noire et qui avait du sang sous le ventre.

La bête prit le tournant de la route. Clérustin avait mis ses lunettes. Il plissa le nez et il regarda:—Mais c'est le bélier, il dit, c'est le mouton-maitre. C'est le bélier! . . .

Vint un autre bélier, et on le chercha d'abord sans le voir; on entendait sa campagne, mais rien ne dépassait les dos des moutons et on cherchait le long de la troupe. Et puis on le vit: c'était un mâle à pompons noirs. Ses deux larges cornes en tourbillons s'élargissaient comme des branches de chêne. Il avait posé ses cornes sur les dos des moutons, de chaque côté de lui et il faisait porter sa lourde tête; sa tête branchue flottait sur le flot des bêtes comme une souche de chêne sur la Durance d'orage. Il avait du sang caillé sur ses dents et dans ses babines.

Le détour de la route le poussa au bord. Il essaya de porter sa tête tout seul, mais elle le tira vers la terre, il lutta des genoux de devant, puis s'agenouilla. Sa tête était là, posée sur le sol comme une chose morte. Il lutta des jambes de derrière, enfin il tomba dans la poussière, comme un tas de laine coupée. Il écarta ses cuisses à petits coups douloureux: il avait tout l'entre-cuisse comme une boue de sang avec, là-dedans, des mouches et des abeilles qui bougeaient et deux œufs rouges qui ne tenaient plus au ventre que par un nerf gros comme une ficelle.

Burle était revenu à sa fenêtre, derrière ses vitres; on lui voyait bouger les lèvres:

—Gâcher la vie! Gâcher la vie!

Of the peasant himself, Giono also tells many wonderful tales. *Colline, Un de Baumugnes, Regain* make a trilogy of village life which can be called a masterpiece. *Colline* is a particularly well-chosen volume for an initiation. Hard work, infinite good will, superstition and a dangerous facility to crime are the main elements of this harsh peasant life—and the wonder is that in such circumstances crime is not frequent; and it is not frequent, although so frequently possible, because the general kindness of the race, the ingrained respect for the value of life as life, animal or human, restrain effectually in most cases the brutality inherent also in the peasant.

The fight against mountain fire is typical of frequent crises in this sort of life:

Maurras est seul sur la colline. Seul à côté d'un grand pin robuste et luisant. L'arbre ébouriffe son épais plumage vert et chante. Le tronc s'est plié dans le lit habituel du vent, puis, d'un effort, il a dressé ses bras rouges, il a lancé dans le ciel son beau feuillage et il est resté là. Il chante tout mystérieusement à voix basse.

Maurras a regardé le pin, puis la fumée qui sord des buissons, en bas. Ça s'est fait sans réflexion, d'instinct; il s'est dit:

—Pas celui-là. Celui-là, elle ne l'aura pas.

Et il a commencé à tailler autour.

D'un seul coup, en bas, la terre s'est enragée. Les buissons se sont défendus un moment en jurant, puis la flamme s'est dressée sur eux, et elle les a écrasés sous ses pieds bleus. Elle a dansé en criant de joie; mais, en dansant, la rusée, elle est allée à petits pas jusqu'aux génévriers, là-bas, qui ne se sont pas seulement défendus. En moins de rien ils ont été couchés, et ils criaient encore qu'elle, en terrain plat et libre, bondissait à travers l'herbe.

As art, Giono's is frequently of the best. He has a violent realism of style which yet enables him to rise to poetry—perhaps too often, in fact. His choice of incident and his handling of character are both masterly. Some pages in *Le Serpent d'Etoiles* read like Kipling's fairy tales come true at last. No French writer now living gives his readers the feeling of the earth, of life in mountain, beast and man, as Giono does. In fact, for us town dwellers, after reading Giono, it becomes again an adventure simply to take a holiday in the country. Has this earth, then, really so many ancient tricks in wait for us yet?

DENIS SAURAT

\*Since given in French by the Compagnie des Quinze at Wyndham's